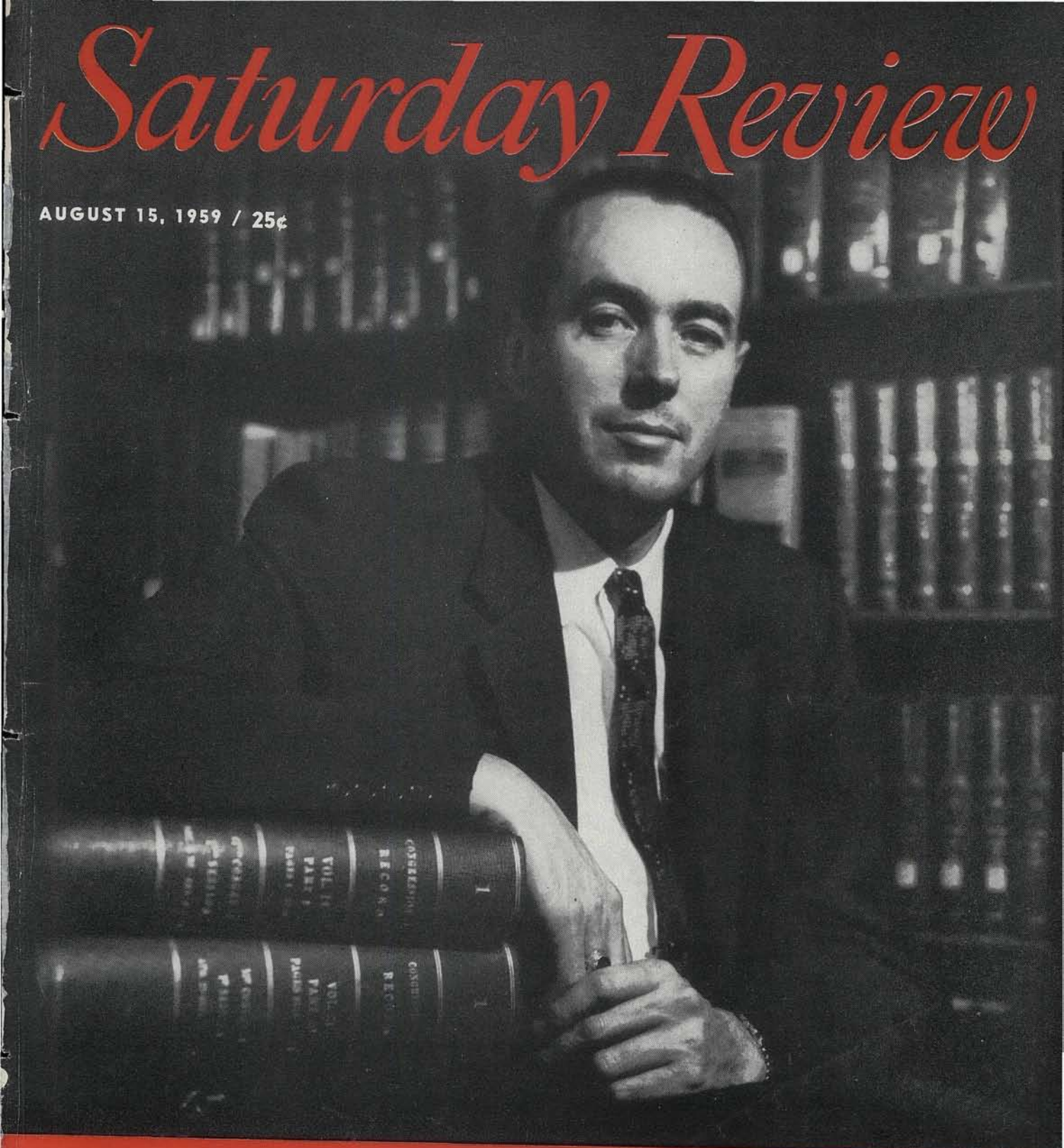
Saturday Review

AUGUST 15, 1959 / 25¢



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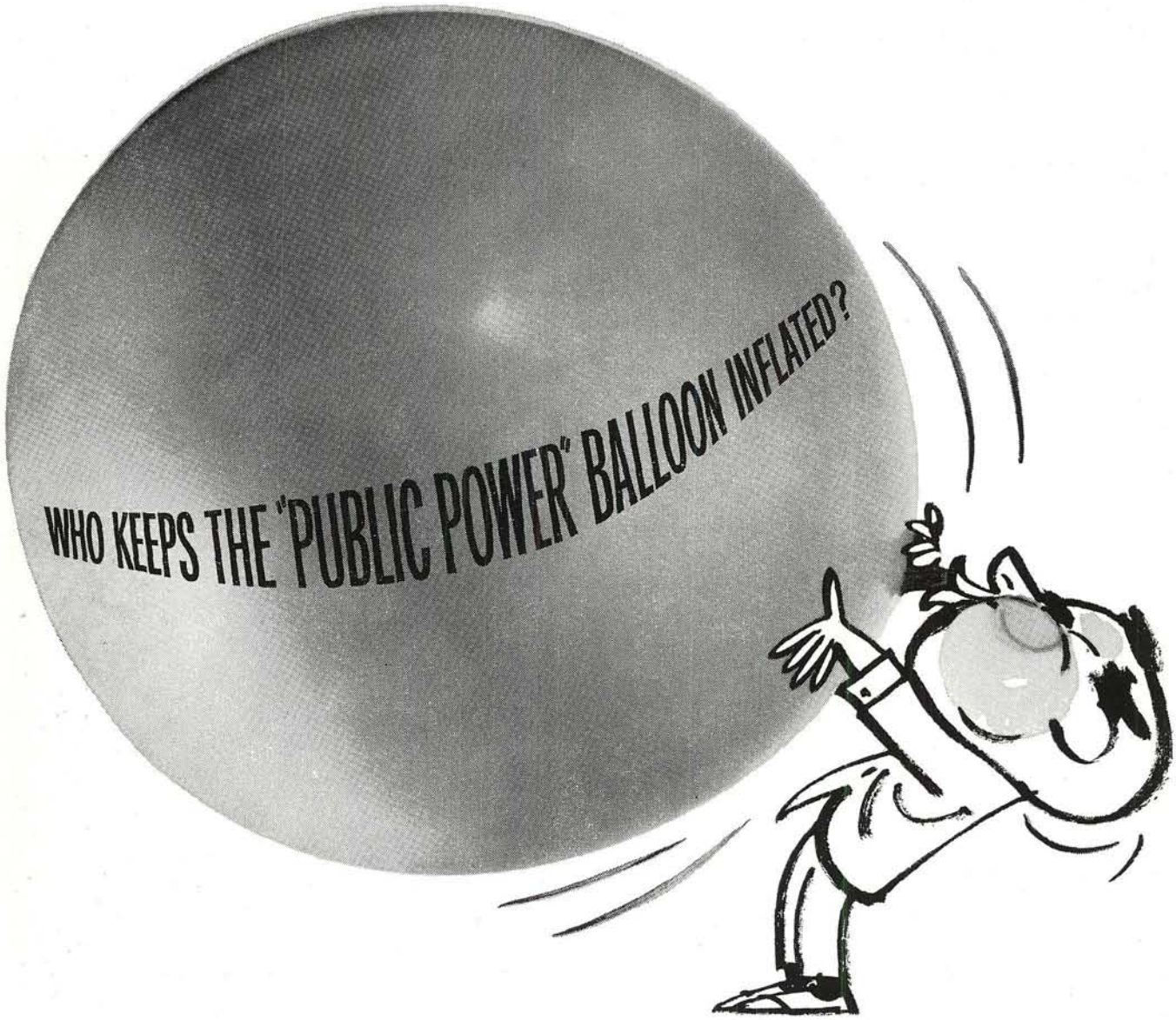

Public opinion polls show that most Americans are not in favor of more federal "public power." They don't want the federal government to go deeper and deeper into the electric light and power business. They'd rather have the independent electric companies handle the job.

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Saturday Review

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PRIMITIVE

FOR a long time I have felt that art criticism could stand a few of what painting itself has in oversupply—primitives. I've done more than think—I've acted. The now familiar figure seen arriving at Connecticut art openings in a dusty Chevvy, wearing denim jeans and lumberjack shirt, and, in the winter season, a mackinaw and cap with earlaps, is none other than myself.

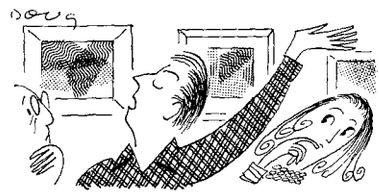
My career as a primitive critic (a true primitive, I deem it only a hobby) can be said to have begun about a year and a half ago when I trudged into the Silvermine Guild hall, in New Canaan, on the opening night of an exhibit there. Shouldering my way among the more urbanely dressed, I drifted from canvas to canvas, reaching at last the one that had won third prize, a painting by an artist named George Maule, a resident of Weston whom I knew slightly. It was a picture of his farmhouse. Rubbing an apple on my shirt, I said aloud: "George'd have done better painting his barn—the thing needs a couple good coats."

As I walked off, biting into the apple, several people who had heard me turned to look at me, whispering among themselves. The whispers rose to a buzz after my comment on the entry that had been awarded the second prize. It was a still life—trout in gouache. "Gimme sardines in oil," I said, and moseyed off. "Fella's canvassing shoulda been door to door."

The group I had collected swelled rapidly; so that when I drew up at last before the first-prize-winner, some minutes later, half the audience was at my heels, asking one another "Who is he?" and exchanging shrugs. I felt that they had caught immediately the sort of thing I was trying to do. Finishing my apple, I squinted at the winner of the Grand Prize, a seascape by a local female artist. The voices dropped to a waiting hush. Pitching my cob into a nearby sandpot for cigarette butts, I gave my opinion. "Woman shoulda never squeezed anything out of a tube 'cepting what goes on her toothbrush."

I turned and walked out of the gallery.

When I showed up at a one-man exhibition in Bridgeport, three weeks later, several there remembered me from the Guild opening (already known as the Silvermine Disaster, because of the reputations leveled in a single night by my bruited thrusts). In fact, they were standing around the door watching, wondering whether I would come. When I appeared, they formed the excited nucleus of a retinue that followed me from entry to entry. This being a one-man show, I held fire till I had completed my circuit, and covered the entire affair with a single blow at derivativeness. Sweeping an arm around at the walls, I said: "This gink has been imitating Braque



so long you can't tell the stuff from Picasso."

After that, my comments were regularly quoted in the press. I was now pointed out in the streets of Westport as "the well-known primitive critic." Soon my reputation spread beyond the limits of Fairfield County, then of Connecticut itself. A New York art quarterly, seeing which way the wind was blowing, wired me asking for 5,000 words on current trends as I saw them. I accepted, wishing to show how a colloquial viewpoint could utilize the vocabulary of formal criticism.

In my article, I spoke of one of the younger *avant-garde* abstractionists as "mighty evocative of latter-day internal stresses;" of the Cubist reductions of another as "a lot of goldanged decomposition," which showed the "pesky parthenogenetic self-perpetuation of studio technique." An aspirant in the Surrealist vein I adjudged as "a heap more delirious than most," a technician who might yet knock "looser'n a busted bellyband," a tradition that had gone "flatter'n a flapjack." Pointillism—or, as I dubbed it, "the shad-roe school,"—I came out and pronounced dead as a stewed chicken.

In the more esoteric organs for which I also presently wrote, I was able to get into the psychological-autobiographical motivations in the creative temper, as in my remark that a certain artist had "taken to painting because a woman give him the brush."

Well, so it has gone. But I make no pretensions to anything more than a start, the mere spade work for other primitives to come. There's a great opportunity in primitive criticism, as well as a great challenge. I hope that all those who follow in my footsteps will have a dirty old car, in which to come to shuddering stops before the doors of galleries in which artistic matter is being unveiled. Also a better nom de plume than mine—Moe Juste. But *mosey* in and *mosey* out. That's important. —PETER DE VRIES.

• • •

AFTER ZEN

No kicks from tea nor the bearded crowd,
My pad is worn, and out is in,
Uncertainly now I cry aloud
"After Zen, Great Father Jack, what then?"

—DONALD BATSON.

• • •

YOUR FRIEND, THE BOW-WOW

IT HAS been argued that dogs make good companions and this is quite true. They have no taste whatsoever. Caligula had a dog that was mad about him. Two large ones followed Adolf Hitler all over Berchtesgaden. Even *I* have been owned by a dog, and I really believe that of the two of us, I was the better company. I could play the piano a little in those days and I was pretty good at simple magic tricks and cracking jokes. When the dog wanted to entertain, she'd grab one end of a roll of toilet paper and run all over the house. Just because I laughed the first time she thought she was a regular Grock.

It is said that a boy's best friend is his Mother, while a man's best friend is a dog. When you grow up, are you supposed to trade your Mother in for a dog? Maybe *her* Mother, but not mine. Best friend, indeed! I can just picture ol' Earl being best dog at my wedding. Or lending me two till payday. Or running off with my wife.

You call yourself a dog-lover, but when you're angry you call your friend a dirty dog, or the son of a lady dog. You get happy as a lark, merry as a grig, pleased as Punch, snug as a bug, free as a bird and drunk as a goat; but look at what you get sick as a.

I don't think you're a real dog-lover. You know that you're as stubborn as a mule, have the manners of an ox, the brain of a gnat, and the morals of a rabbit, but you're cheerful as a cricket because your dog doesn't know it.

Woof! —HENRY MORGAN.

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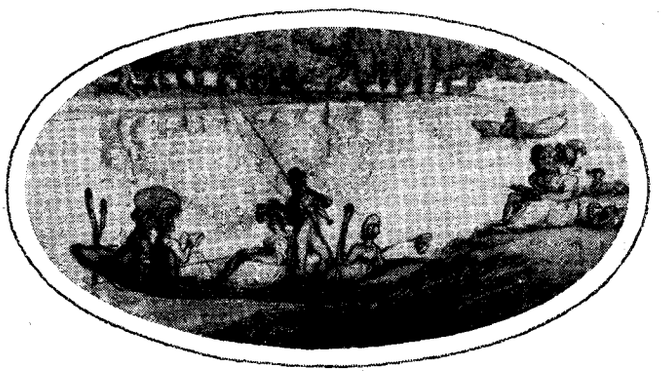

[VOL. II № IV]

After the many times that we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] have been told by them [Those In The Know] that we simply must do or must not do such-and-such we decided this once to disregard them altogether, oh entirely, and perhaps we made a mistake. This time it was about the advisability of advertising in Dead of Summer: we were never to do that [they said] unless we wished to throw our money out into the street; not that there would be anyone to pick it up with everybody away on holiday and all. Well this made no sense to us. For even if you *are* gone away surely you will return one day soon and when you do you'll find a stack of journals there and this one among them and presently you will open it and eventually arrive at this very page and it being a hot day you'll make yourself a tall glass of something with burnished, emphatic Irish Whiskey in it [and the ice cubes clinking merrily away] and you'll settle down to read what we have to say here and nothing will be lost after all. So we believe. Still, we would feel easier if we could confront Them with the evidence that you had indeed seen this piece. The report form below is so simple as to seem simple-minded, we'll grant, but how else to put it? Before we go we'd like to recommend Iced Irish Coffee. But please to omit the whipped cream; that is to say it is plain iced coffee with a noggin of old Burnished Emphatic. Delicious.

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TRADE Winds

A FRIEND OF OURS recently advanced the theory that the reason the language of Shakespeare was so colorful was because of the practice of teaching the children of his time to slip a noun in now and then for a verb. As Sir Andrew remarks in "Twelfth Night" without batting a verb:

"Faith, I'll home tomorrow, Sir Tobey."

The more we mulled the idea over, the more we became intrigued by it.

We recorded the beginning of a recent day of ours, which went something like this:

Alarm-belled at seven, and unmattressed quickly. Fully egged and baconed, we automobiled it to the Westport station. Railroaded it to New York, and bussed it over to Fifth Avenue.

E. B. WHITE'S rediscovery of his old college grammar textbook has brought about its popular reissue by Macmillan. Its title: "The Elements of Style," by William Strunk, Jr. As White points out, every rule in the book is a direct command, blunt and unassailable. Although we suffer from guilt on reading it, we feel convinced that this small volume will help bring healthy clarity to the modern literary scene.

GETTING BACK TO WORDS, it seems as if "The Last Word" on CBS-TV is rapidly becoming the last court of appeal on matters of usage. For instance, James Hagerty, the President's Press Secretary, used the program to find out whether Mr. Eisenhower's (and, indeed, half the Government as well) use of "finalize" was correct. Dr. Bergan Evans defended "finalize." Averell Harriman, the former governor of New York, asked the program how different would he be from everyone else if he used the two words "different than." Dr. Evans said he would be quite different. Nobody on the program had much to say when Groucho Marx, as a guest, insisted that a gripe grew on a vine.

THE APPEARANCE OF THE thirty-second printing of "The American College Dictionary" supports the Evans theory of fertility-in-common-usage-of-language.

Found in it are such newcomers as: Jet stream, John XXIII, Miltown, hard sell, ploy, rock 'n' roll, screwdriver (what-you-drink-type), tweeter, woofer, and whirlybird.

But a frightening fact is revealed in looking over the "New Words" section of our old, weather-beaten 1932 model Webster's Collegiate. Of the *new* words of that vintage, many are already obsolete.

Airships have lapsed into innocuous limbo. *Atomic number* listed in total as ninety-two, has now become 102. *Bakelite* has become dimmed by a hundred other plastics. *Bootlegger* is out, way out. *Brougham* and *cabriolet*, listed so proudly then in the modern car line, don't have a chance today against a Jag or an Aston-Martin. And a *dumb-bell*, as a dumb or stupid person, is just about as square a thing as you could say. *Flapper, League of Nations, talkie*, and *radiovision* complete the list of the short-lived "new" words of 1932.

THE SADDEST PART about this language turnover business is that you are no longer able to win an honest dollar on betting about the definition of the word "transpire."

There was a time when your adversary would swear that it meant to *happen*, or *occur*. The good old-fashioned dictionaries pointed out in no uncertain terms that this is a misuse, and should be avoided at all costs. Its real meanings, to exhale as a vapor, to perspire, or to emerge from secrecy, were stoutly defended in John Mason Brown style.

Today's weak-kneed, but honest Bergen Evans-type dictionaries are content to say only that the use of

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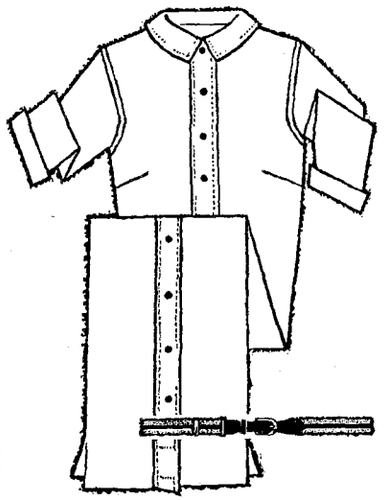

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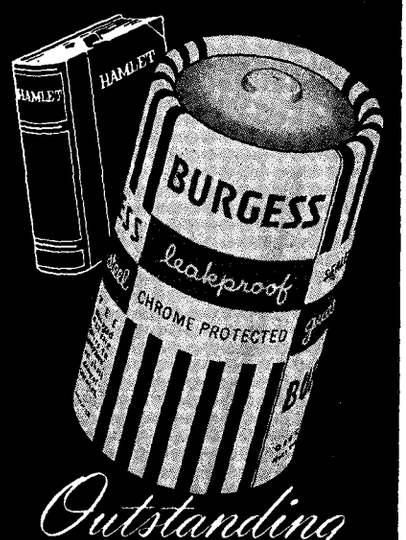

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"transpire," in the sense of *happen*, is regarded as incorrect by many, but list it as the No. 1 meaning.

The dike is punctured, and the thumb of the purist trembles at its inadequacy to stem the tide.

OVER AT NBC, Stockton Helffrich continues his monthly Continuity Acceptance reports, which are often far more interesting than the TV scripts he scans for lapses in taste and judgment. As a benevolent censor, he summed up his outlook recently:

"You have to take some calculated risks if you stand *for* something, even actively displease a peripheral few if it's part of the price for advancing a common and responsible good."

BUT EVEN MORE confusion was extant at a recent art exhibit at the Silvermine Guild, in Connecticut.

A long, narrow oil painting showing a fleet of sail boats was hung horizontally on the wall, and lavishly admired by the critics and public.

But an alert young Connecticut matron noticed that the title of the picture was: "5-4-3-2-1-zero." And in addition, this title was running up the frame in the wrong direction.

A rush call to the artist cleared up this space-age mystery: The picture had nothing to do with sailboats. It was a rocket taking off for space.

The picture was quickly rehung in vertical position.

ALL THE FUROR about Harper's juvenile book, "The Rabbits' Wedding," brought pithy headlines in the press:

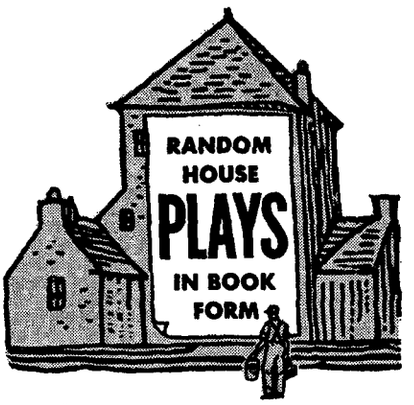
New York Journal-American: "Rabbits Make Alabama Stew."

Chicago Sun-Times: "What's Black and White . . . and Can't Be Read All Over?"

Detroit Free Press: "Splitting Hares."

And Deems Taylor, in a letter to the *New York Herald Tribune*, said: "I wonder if there is any truth in the rumor that the State of Alabama is about to declare it a felony for anyone named White to marry anyone named Black?"

EDMUND S. WHITMAN, vice-president of the United Fruit Company, tells us



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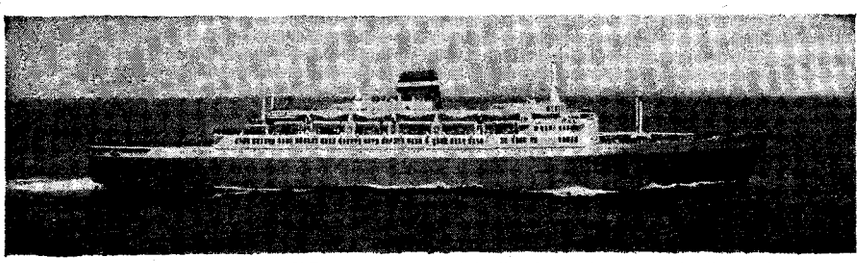
in love with the sea and its exhilarating promise
. . . with the social brilliance of her distinguished guests.
in love with the challenge of providing matchless service,
immaculate surroundings, enticingly fine menus.
in love with the applause for her beauty and grace,
. . . for her inherent competence and instinctive awareness
of the sea and its ways,
handed down from generation to generation.



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that although he's never been invited to deliver a commencement address he has his speech all prepared, if and when some seat of learning gets around to asking him. Whitman figures the following address will not only widen the dewy eyes of the graduates, but will grab headlines all around the country:

"Gentlemen of the Graduating Class of 19—. I have only two thoughts to leave with you as you take your place as citizens of our free society. Here they are:

"1. There is no such thing as a free lunch.

"2. You never go broke taking a profit.

"Good luck to all of you. Happy lives and successful careers! Thank you."

FIRST AND LAST WORDS continue to plague freshmen in their vocabulary tests. Our latest news comes from novelist Mary O. Rank, now fighting for the standards of good English as an instructor at the University of Missouri. Some of the definitions offered by her students follow.

Irony: A brutal dictatorship. *Inhibit:* A person that lives somewhere, as "He was the only inhibit of that town." *Exorbitant:* To put out of orbit. *Banal:* Taking place yearly. *Stature:* An

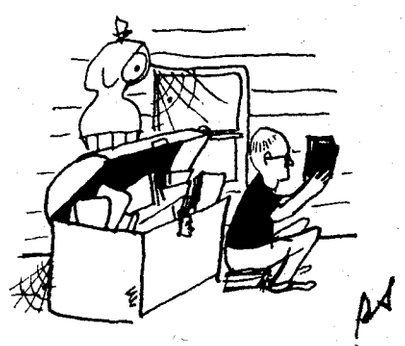

image carved to look like somebody. *Proscribe:* To write something in front of somebody. *Incorrigible:* A kindly word or phrase that incorriges somebody to do something.

JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1324)

GRAHAM—FRANK:
BELOVED INFIDEL

In America, I knew for the first time women intellectuals of grace and charm. In England, the lady intellectuals I had brushed against were gaunt, dyspeptic women, forbidding and Spartan, who gave erudition an unpleasant quality.

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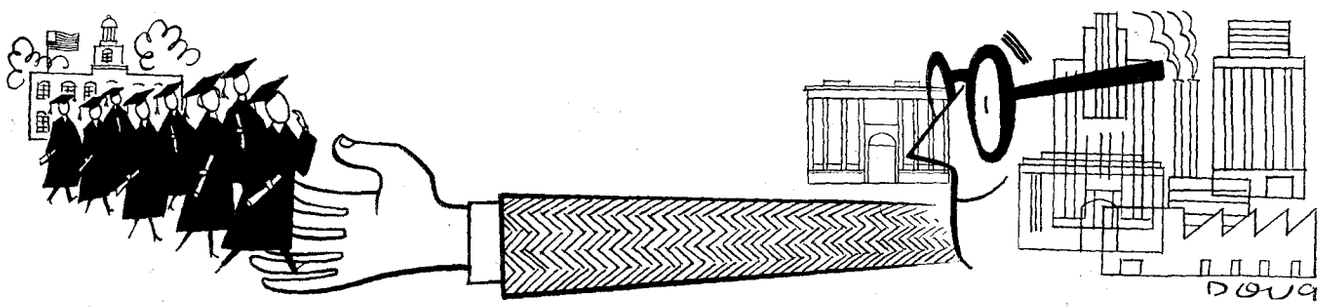
Saturday Review
AUGUST 15, 1959

LIBERAL ARTS AND PUBLIC POLICY

There is a school of thought, represented by William Benton, which says that specialization is all well and good, but the specialist ought to have a solid liberal arts foundation so that he may be able to relate to fields outside of his own. Mr. Benton's own life has gone far beyond specialization: advertising, the vice-presidency of the University of Chicago, Assistant Secretary of State, and U. S. Senator. At present, he is the publisher and chairman of the board of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc. The following article by Mr. Benton is drawn from a speech he gave recently before the American Conference of Academic Deans, in Kansas City.



By WILLIAM BENTON

NOBODY is against the liberal arts. Not even people whose hackles rise at the very sound of the word "liberal." Nobody, that is, except students, parents, citizens, and most Ph.Ds.

At Yale, I became a victim of somebody's zeal for vocational preparation. During and right after the First World War, two young men were selected each year as sophomores in each of twenty-five universities. These fifty boys spent their next two summers working for the National City Bank of New York. Out of one hundred ill-advised applicants for Yale's allotted two, I was unhappily chosen. After graduation, we were destined for the bank's expanding overseas branches; meanwhile, we had to take college courses suited to the bank's training plan.

This gilt-edged chance to see the world—I now suggest that the edges were merely gold-plated—caused me to take accounting, banking, and other illiberal courses, and to waste irreplaceable time acquiring information any earnest apprentice can get with reasonable diligence in his first year or two out of college. I am now belatedly happy to report that upon graduation my fellow trainee from Yale and I both escaped from the bank. His name was Joyce, and he learned the crafts of law and shoemaking, and founded a company that became famous. Another fellow-trainee was Fredric March, and he also learned another trade unrelated to the pap courses on which we had been fed.

A commercial and industrial society can always count on getting its quota of bankers, merchants, and advertising experts. Their incentives and training stem from the normal workings of the job market. But we shall never have enough men and women trained in the liberal arts, men who strive to think clearly and independently, and who have acquired habits of mind that make them flexible and resourceful.

I have long believed that the liberal arts not only produce gentlemen of culture, but also are the best education for businessmen. I do not deny that our leading schools of business help prepare many for a successful career as big corporation executives. If General Electric and DuPont like these graduates, I shan't complain too much. But for my own smaller businesses, and in the last twenty years I have controlled four for which hundreds of young men have been employed as potential executives, I seek those who have excelled in the liberal arts.

The daily routine of the business leader calls for continuous decisions involving judgment and risk-taking. I am not now talking about the committees or the bureaucracies of the banks and big business. I am talking of the real leader, the man who is a builder even though he is young and his business is small, the man who lives up to that old definition of an executive as a man who makes decisions. I am describing the man destined to hire the accountants and personnel managers trained by our business schools, but who himself has never aspired to be one.

AT his best, my business leader requires a high level of skill in communication. The ability to write well and speak well is the most important vocational asset of all. It is indeed so important that if possessed by an accountant or personnel manager, there's a strong likelihood that he is shortly to be promoted into another post and profession.

The needed skills of my businessman are best developed in school and in college by the study of the liberal

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arts—and by continuous application to them thereafter.

More important, of course, than the training of business leaders is the training of men to be free. The liberal arts have always embraced the education appropriate to free men. If all men are to be free, Robert Hutchins contends, then all men must have this education. Cardinal Newman's ideal of liberal education was directed to self-discipline: to education "which gives a man a clear, conscious view of his own opinions and judgments, a truth in developing them, an eloquence in expressing them, and a force in urging them."

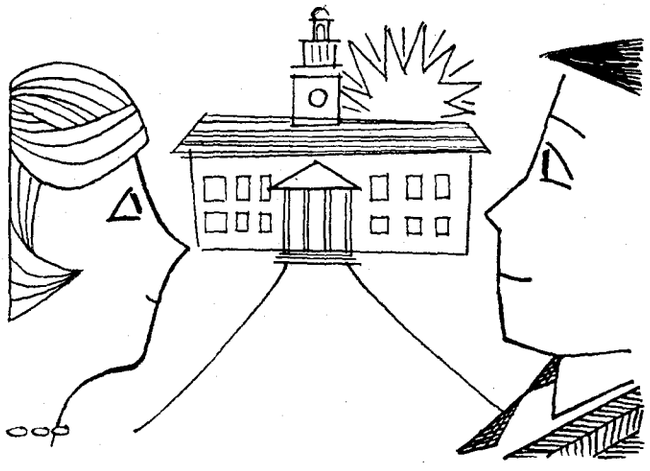
Clarity of thought and the capacity for fast, clear thinking will become ever more important in the world of the future. We Americans—indeed all members of the human race—face an ever-accelerating pace of social change—a pace forced ever faster by science and technology. The plateaus for social adjustment will get ever shorter. This is indeed an exciting outlook; it is also a most alarming one.

In the dizzy world I foresee, freedom will be in constant jeopardy and wisdom must be developed as a constant counterweight. Originality and resourcefulness will become much more important than knowledge of techniques. George Lyman Kittredge used to say that the science of one age becomes the superstition of the next. Every new breakthrough into the cosmos, or down into the living cell and the atom, can make a whole syllabus of techniques obsolete.

If we do not shortly arrest and reverse the erosion of our potential educational resources, we recklessly risk losing out to the vast technocratic new Sparta of the Communist world. Far from abandoning the liberal arts, we must re-emphasize their high importance as the core of the curriculum. The materialist and the technological cast of Soviet higher education can prove to be the Achilles heel of the Communist system.

Let me contrast for a moment the aims of the Soviet educational system with what our own system purports to do. For a defining text, I am indebted to Dean John S. Diekhoff of Cleveland College. In his essay on the intriguing question of "What Educates the Faculty?," Dean Diekhoff writes: "The college graduate should have competence in the basic intellectual skills of reading, writing, listening, speaking, and calculation."

In the task of inculcating such basic skills, I believe the Soviet ten-year school system has done a better job than our twelve-year elementary and high school. It may be questioned whether this point will continue to hold true under the so-called Khrushchev Reform announced last fall. The precise character of the changes actually under way in the Soviet school system is not quite clear. But an extra year will be added to the seven-year school so that such courses as home economics and physical education may be included. The basis of mass education will then be the new eight-year school. This is clearly a regressive change. The Soviet student, unless he is extraordinarily gifted, will apparently continue his education after the eighth year only on a part-time basis. It is, however, important to remember that at age fourteen, the graduate of the Soviet seven-year school has studied physics, algebra, and geometry for two years; chemistry for one year; biology for four years; and a foreign language for three years. In other words, he has already had more solid intellectual training than most American high-school graduates today.



Dean Diekhoff adds further, "The college graduate should be able to evaluate evidence and come to reasonable conclusions." Now here we may have the chief difference between Soviet and American educational goals. The USSR distorts the evidence in social and political fields. It wants from the students no conclusions that violate the Communist dogma. For our part in the United States, our failure to live up to our professed goal is our widest gulf between script and performance.

Our hope must be that our students will begin to match the Soviet students in rigor and hard work. Today, to qualify for state aid, towns in my state of Connecticut must merely give at least four hours of instruction 180 days a year. With such leniency, how long will it take us to catch up with the Russians whose children go to school six days a week and ten months a year?

ANYONE watching the Soviet school boy in his military-looking uniform, staggering home late of an afternoon with a load of books, knows that Soviet teachers exact hard work. Moreover, they also hold up enticing temptations to the ambitious scholar. Soviet professors, scientists, and academicians have status and privileges comparable to those accorded corporation presidents in the United States. And Soviet university students typically receive living stipends with incentives for good marks.

Beyond the secondary school, every Soviet student must concentrate narrowly and intensely. All are classified and sifted by the planned manpower needs. All are specialists in training. They study their specialties through approved texts under centrally prescribed curricula. And they enjoy no electives, except the choice of a foreign language, until post-graduate work. Such a system will not produce truly educated men.

To the extent we in America maintain undergraduate colleges of business, journalism, teaching, and other premature trade schools, we court the same danger of narrowness.

By contrast, a liberal-arts background, as conceived by the West, can prevent the wearing of blinders. Perhaps, more importantly, it can make public policy everybody's business. Further, it opens the opportunity for education as a life-time opportunity.

There is far more adult education in the USSR than here. Ballet, opera, museums, and bookshops are crowded. Libraries and evening courses are jammed. When I visited the Leningrad library at 11:30 one morning, every seat in the vast science room was filled. When I asked the librarian whether the readers were students, he replied, "Oh, no, the University has its own library;

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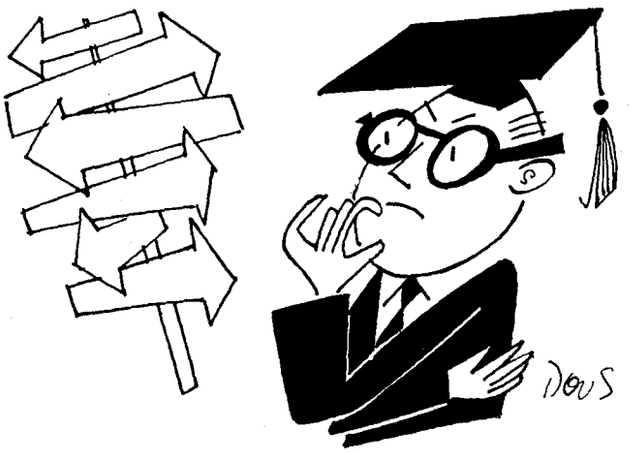


these are workers from the night shifts; we keep the library open all night for the day workers."

A billion books a year are printed in the USSR, with more than four times as many titles as in the U.S. But Dostoevsky has been frowned upon. Plato is proscribed, unavailable. Here in America his writings ossify on required reading lists.

The second requirement is leadership. And where can we turn for this? At the Cleveland Conference late last year, I informally proposed a National Commission on Education. I would like to see such a commission adequately financed over a ten-year period and charged with the responsibility for issuing annual reports and other papers on the state of American education, with most particular emphasis on the curriculum and methods of instruction.

Theodore Yntema, financial vice-president of the Ford Motor Company, analyzed long-range national economic problems for the Committee for Economic Development at its annual meeting in Washington late last year. In his section on education, he concluded, "perhaps we need even more than a Committee for Economic Development, a Committee for Educational Development."

Ralph Tyler, perhaps America's leading educational authority, says it takes fifty years for 50 per cent of educators to take up a new idea that is manifestly good. In today's accelerated world, we have no fifty years. We must invent new social devices to help oust the sloth and the prevailing prejudice and ignorance.

(My mother at the age of thirteen was teaching in a one-room school in rural Iowa with boys of sixteen as pupils, coming in for the three winter months. And at twenty-five, with only one year of college, she was the first woman county superintendent of schools in the history of the state of Minnesota. The standards had to be raised, and the rules developed to protect the teachers from the politicians. But today the problem has changed. In today's world, is it not ridiculous to prohibit a valedictorian of his class at Yale, who has majored in physics to teach in the Hartford high schools? One great problem is how to tear asunder those restrictive rules with which education is encumbered and retarded; those rules which should be reviewed and rewritten in light of the historical perspective of the world of 1959.)

For example, if physics should widely be taught in the high schools, might not it help get it done if a top national body says so, and not merely a group of physicists? If elementary physics can be taught by motion pictures, as the Harvey White series of 162 films demonstrates that it can, let us have enough leadership so that these films will be bought widely by the 28,000 high schools in the U.S. Two years after their production on a Ford Foundation Grant, less than one hundred sets have been sold.

ADMIRAL Hyman Rickover's book, "Education and Freedom," could be interpreted to mean that my proposed National Commission on Education should consider requiring mathematics for all students through secondary school. Herbert Hoover has proposed this. He is not speaking of "business mathematics" either. Now what kind of mathematics is "business mathematics?" Isn't it something for those who want to avoid algebra? I. I. Rabi, professor of physics at Columbia University, and Nobel Prize winner, points out that if a high-school student drops his mathematics, he forecloses his chance at science or medicine later on. Boys and girls of any reasonable intellectual aptitude, of fourteen or fifteen, should not be permitted such a choice.

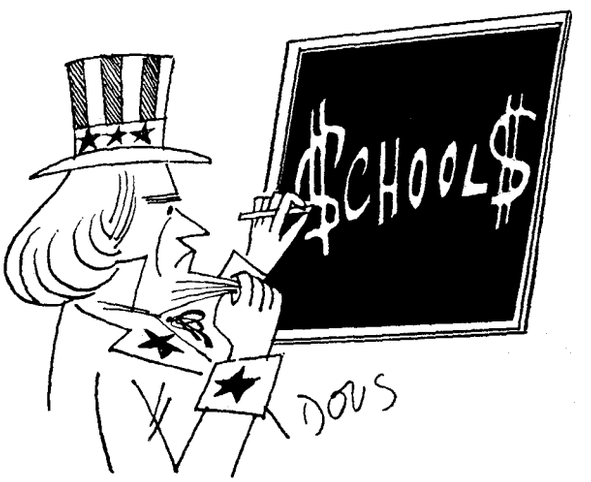
English is apparently now required nearly everywhere, right through high school. But it is sad to see what passes for English; so-called commercial English, instructing the young in forms of business correspondence that remind me of the stilted, archaic communications still used in many Government departments. In most commercial English courses, aren't we teaching our trade school students the equivalent of outworn heraldry?

Back in 1944-45, at the University of Illinois, only 13 per cent of new students entering from high school failed a qualifying examination in English. Ten years later, 42.6 per cent of the entering students failed the same examination. And now I learn that the Association of Graduate Schools has recently recommended that all applicants for graduate study be required to pass a qualifying test in English. Do you suppose we shall next need an English test just before the Ph.D?

Further, isn't Dr. Conant right that college entrance requirements of two years of a foreign language are silly? Of what use is two years study of a foreign language? Four should be the minimum goal.

Complain, if you will, and at least five august educational associations did, of the innovations introduced by

(*Continued on page* 39)



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KING-SIZED TEXAN

George Sessions Perry

By JOHN MASON BROWN

Doubleday is reissuing in a single volume the two novels of George Sessions Perry—"Walls Rise Up" and "Hold Autumn in Your Hand." The following article has been adapted from John Mason Brown's introduction to that volume. (Copyright © 1959, by Doubleday and Co. Inc.)

AMONG the casualties of the Second World War count George Sessions Perry—as a novelist. Later he suffered psychologically and even physically from the effects of his war experiences in other maiming and abiding ways. But after his return from the invasion of Sicily, which he had covered as a correspondent for *The New Yorker* and *The Saturday Evening Post*, he found himself (in his word) "defictionized" by what he, and the world, had been through. He continued to write, ably, copiously, and with the Rockdale, Texas, warmth and humor that were part of him, until a few years before his death at forty-six in 1956. It was, however, as a journalist, autobiographer, or editor that he wrote, and no longer as the author of lusty short stories of such fine, rowdy, hilarious, and often beautiful folk novels as "Walls Rise Up" (1939), and "Hold Autumn in Your Hand" (1941).

I start with the Sicilian invasion because it was during it that I, in my years as the Navy's most permanent lieutenant, met George. I first saw this handsome, King Ranch-sized Texan when he came over for a briefing to Admiral Kirk's flagship, the *Ancon*, from the *Dorothea L. Dix*, the crowded transport to which he was assigned and on which his improvised sleeping quarters were in the ward room. I liked him at once and came to like his slow, loamy speech, his quick mind, and generous heart more and more during the long, lazy days and longer nights that we talked and swigged coffee (excuse me, java) blacker than the blacked-out *Calvert* upon which we returned from Sicily.

One of my duties was to deliver a sunset newscast to the ship, and during one of these, when describing the correspondents with us, I called attention to "a heavy-set young man with a Southern accent calculated to bend a butter knife." I added, "If you happen to come within listening range of Mr. Perry's sweet-potato voice, be sure to find some excuse for overhearing him, because he is as witty as he is shy, and exudes both thoughts and speeches which are picturesque."

It is George's voice that I have heard again with delight on page after page while rereading these two novels. It is George talking softly and laughing hugely; George, dreamy-eyed and sometimes seemingly indifferent, yet seeing things and seeing through them with piercing sharpness, and finding for what h has seen phrases, bawdy, unblushing, and uproarious, or magical with the lift of poetry in them. It is George, well read in life and books and the world, speaking gaily and unmincingly from a hard-won, soil-sprung wisdom. It is George the romantic yet the realist, the rebel and the defender, pouring out in unconventional terms his love song to Texas, its bottomlands, its cotton, its cattle, its catfish, its game, its scroungers, its hard-hit, its hobo hedonists, its undefeated and undefeatable, and their ways of life.

CERTAINLY no books less depressed or depressing came out of the black years of th depression than these two novels. George was twenty-nine when "Walls Rise Up" was published and thirty-one when "Hold Autumn in Your Hand" appeared. Both of them are unmistakably the books of a young man, which is one of their virtues. There are books that older men cannot write because they no longer have the freshness, the sense of wonder, the excess of gaiety, or the bounce to do so.

George was well aware of this. When "Walls Rise Up" was reissued in 1945, he wrote a short prefatory note in which he said, "I love this book. I wrote it when I was young. In it there are errors of taste and judgment which, alas, I will never make again. If the reader has half as much fun reading this book as I did writing it, I certainly, and I hope he, will have been repaid." The fun of the writing is apparent in every sentence and paragraph of "Hold Autumn," too, and is part of the fun of reading both novels.

John Steinbeck's "Tortilla Flat" came out in 1935, and it takes no literary sleuth to arrive at the truth, which is that George read it before he wrote "Walls Rise Up." As a matter of fact, he read it in 1938 on the train returning from Hollywood, where he had been collaborating on the scenario of "The Arkansas Traveler." George, by then, had begun to sell his humorous Edgar stories to the *Post*, after eight discouraging years in Rockdale during which he had written short pieces published in various very "little magazines" and six or seven long, serious novels that no one would publish.

"TORTILLA FLAT" opened a new world to him, and by doing so, paradoxically, led him straight into a world of his own. Both Steinbeck's book and "Walls Rise Up" are laughing books about the shiftless. Both recount the joyous misadventures of hard-drinking, work-dodging vagabonds. Both deal with Characters (note the big *C*) who, though pure in heart, are not models of civic virtue. There the similarities between them fade, because George's bums belong in Texas as surely and securely as Steinbeck's *paisanos* belong in the old houses set in weedy yards in Monterey. The two novels are as different from each other as the rot-gut whisky and the cheap red wine on which their parched people flourish. For that matter, they are as different as "Hold Autumn in Your Hand" is from "The Grapes of Wrath," which preceded it by two years.

George was very mu h himself when he wrote "Walls Rise Up" and even more so when he wrote "Hold Autumn in Your Hand." In neither does he show any interest in the ideas and grievances which deadened so many proletarian novels in the Thirties. His people are not members of any party. They are children f nature. In "Walls" they live off it without shame; in "Hold Autumn" they conquer it with incredible fortitude. The former is a tale of amoral acceptance, the latter of hard-tested valor. If the mood of the one recalls "Tortilla Flat," that of the other can be likened to "The Yearling." But neither is a maverick. Each is jubilantly stamped with George's unmistakable brand. Though both are

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delightful, "Hold Autumn" is the richer, still vibrant with the zest of youth, yet mature in feeling and attitude, and often blessed with beauty.

George wrote from a heart and mind which had been enlarged by his compassionate approach to diverse experiences. In his "Tale of a Foolish Farmer" he confessed that he had long shared one of the fundamental flaws of character that made life such a complex affair for Peter Rabbit. "You will recall," wrote he, "that each morning Peter Rabbit 'set out in search of adventure.' " He added, "So, alas, have I," and his "alas" is our good fortune.

His parents had died when George was young, leaving him a small income and the problem of acquiring an education. He cannot be said to have solved this problem, at least in the formal sense, because, though he went to three colleges, he never succeeded at any one of them in getting out of the freshman class. His stumbling block was spelling, a subject that eluded him to the very end. On his pen, pencil, or typewriter, "their" was always "thier,' "angel" became "angle," "filed" emerged as "filled." But very decidedly he did get more than most out of college, because it was at Southwestern University that he met Claire Hodges, whom he married in 1933. She spelled for both of them. It was to her that he turned when dating an autographed copy of "Hold Autumn" to ask, "How is that way that you spell 'Febuary'?" and she who replied, "F-e-b-r-u-a-r-y, just like the rest of the world." One of the delights of knowing George was that he was not just like the rest of the world, and these books are the result and proof of how fortunate was the difference.

It was to Claire, happily also an individualist though an orthodox speller, that George always turned. It was to this amazing woman, small in size and large in qualities, that he turned for everything not only during the early struggles in Rockdale, Texas, but later in Guilford, Connecticut, where they bought a place after he (really they) had succeeded. George was the chef and writer of the family; Claire, the cook, the first audience, the cheerleader, the stabilizer, the transcriber, the punctuator, and the speller who brought grammar to their living. It is easy to imagine George Sessions Perry as a beguiling person and conversationalist without Claire. To imagine him without her as a published writer is impossible.

He had made up his mind that he would be a writer even in his days as a migratory worker in those three colleges. To equip himself to become what he dreamed of being, he decided that travel would help. Accordingly, he sailed for Europe in 1930 as a deck boy on a freighter headed for Rotterdam. At Le Havre he jumped ship, was jailed, brought back, and forced to complete the voyage. To insure more freedom of action of his next trip, he went as a third-class passenger, became bored with the boat, landed in Spain without a passport on the day of Alfonso's abdication, finally persuaded the authorities that he was not involved in the intricacies of Spanish politics, got to Paris for a few days, and then went to Algiers, where he spent several months.

He enjoyed his travels, in particular his stay in Algiers. But, in the manner of Sir Launfal and later of Grant Wood, he found what he had thought to find far away at his own front door after he had returned to Texas. Texas—his Texas—had always been in his blood. From then on it became the body and spirit of his work.

Like Defoe before him, George knew the value of small details in documenting an adventure. In fact, Defoe-wise, in "Walls" he supplies a "Man Friday" in Oof, that thick-witted bulldozer of a creature, even as, in "Robinson Crusoe" terms, he adds to the interest of "Hold Autumn" by chronicling a man's struggle against nature in his use of most personally observed particulars in telling how something is built of nothing. To mention Defoe in connection with George is, of course, to indulge in the critical pastime and error of explaining one piece of writing in terms of another. Unquestionably, George in his youth had read "Robinson Crusoe," but to assume that he reread it in order to write "Hold Autumn" or any of his other books is to surrender to total nonsense. George was in his own right and by his own gifts and instincts a good storyteller, and good storytelling, especially about primitive experiences, has a way of relying upon timeless essentials.

For the critic, that opinionated impotent who can explain creation only by references to works created by others, it is easy to tick off authors who have dealt with materials similar to those with which George deals. Erskine Caldwell, Faulkner, Saroyan, and Steinbeck are among the many who come readily to mind. All of them have written as regionalists, but each has written about his own region in his own way. This was George's singularity, too. His stake on a small segment of Texas is Texas-large.

There is another writer who came inevitably to my mind (as a critic) as I reread these two books. This was Mark Twain. Not the whole Mark Twain, by any means. But the Mark Twain of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," who would have understood and relished "Walls Rise Up" and "Hold Autumn in Your Hand." George has something of Twain's willingness to face the cruel and the ugly, his ability to be in manhood the abiding boy, and to be amused by the odd, the absurd, and the disreputable. It is a measure of George's skill that his Rockdale raises the image of Hannibal and that he can endow his muddy little river, the Brazos, with some of the Mississippi's mystery. . . .

Did George say that daily he went searching for adventure? He found it in whatever was nearest to him and whatever he was doing. He found it in the act of living. He found it in the Texans he wrote of, in his life with Claire and Granny Van, in such friends in Texas as Elizabeth Ann McMurray, Frank Rogers (the real Sam Tucker of "Hold Autumn"), and Norma Patterson. He found it in New York with people such as Elizabeth McKee, Dmitri Kessel, Edith

(*Continued on page 40*)

—*Wide World.*

George Sessions Perry in his Schertz, Texas village home, 1942.

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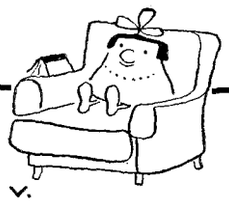

LITERARY HORIZONS

An Italian Huck Finn

By Granville Hicks

ALTHOUGH it would be a mistake to push the comparison too hard, the hero of Elsa Morante's new novel, **"Arturo's Island"** (Knopf, $4.50), bears a certain resemblance to Huckleberry Finn. Like Huck he is motherless, and if he worships his father as intensely as Huck fears his, he doesn't receive much more paternal guidance. Almost as soon as he can walk he is on his own, and, again like Huck, he has no formal education. He is as much at home on the island of Procida in the bay of Naples as Huck is on the Mississippi, and in the early part of the novel there are passages as idyllic as anything in "Huckleberry Finn."

If, however, Arturo is like Huck in his independence and in his adaptation to a primitive and adventurous way of life, he is at fourteen considerably more of an innocent. Not only has his imagination transformed his father into a godlike figure; his reading—he has been exposed to books and has read indiscriminately—has given birth to a set of romantic ideas. (In this, of course, he is more like Tom Sawyer than Huck Finn, but Miss Morante treats his ideals respectfully, whereas Mark Twain makes fun of Tom.) "Arturo's Island," then, is a study of disillusionment in a sense that "Huckleberry Finn," according to my interpretation—and I know there are others—is not. Both boys are exposed to evil in varied and terrible forms, but Arturo is profoundly changed, whereas Huck isn't.

The novels also differ in the way evil is experienced. As he proceeds down the river, Huck sees instances of the cruelty and stupidity and violence of which man is capable: the Sheperdson-Grangerford feud, the shooting of Boggs, the rapacity and corruption of the king and the duke. That is to say, he goes out into the world and finds, as he is not wholly unprepared to find, that evil is part of it. The innocent Arturo, on the other hand, encounters evil on his beloved island, in his own home. The evil is not in strangers but in himself and those close to him.

It follows that "Arturo's Island" is a psychological novel as "Huckleberry Finn" is not, and Miss Morante's great strength lies in her ability to render Arturo's emotional states. He tells the story himself, but from the vantage point of some later time in his life, so that he is not limited to, although he makes use of, the language of a precocious adolescent. The style may be either easy vernacular or high poetry. (Isabel Quigley's translation seems to do very well with the latter, fumbles now and then with the former.) It is on the poetry, on ingeniously-wrought figures of speech, that Miss Morante—who is married to the novelist Alberto Moravia—relies for her crucial effects.

The situation can be briefly outlined. Arturo's father, Wilhelm Gerace, is the illegitimate son of an Italian peasant and a German schoolmistress. After his arrival on Procida at the age of seventeen Wilhelm became the favorite of an elderly homosexual, who, on his death, left the young man a dilapidated mansion. Soon afterward Wilhelm married a young girl, who died in giving birth to Arturo. Since Wilhelm was absent from Procida for long periods of time, Arturo was cared for in infancy by a servant, a boy of fourteen or fifteen. Soon, however, he was caring for himself, as we find him at the beginning of the novel.

Arturo says of his father: "My childhood is like a happy country, of which he is the absolute king!" That happiness and the idealization of the father are beautifully portrayed in the first section of the book. When his father was on Procida, Arturo was perfectly happy. "He was always silent, quick, gloomy, and hardly gave me a glance, but I thought it a tremendous privilege that mine was the only company he put up with on the island." At times when he was with his father, Arturo says, he was "drunk with divine happiness." If Wilhelm grew restless and took the ship to the mainland, Arturo was sad, but he was consoled by the conviction that his father was setting out on some romantic adventure:

> He had already grown legendary and remote—a gaucho crossing the Argentine pampas, lassoing a bull; a captain in the Greek army, dragging behind his chariot on the battlefield of Troy the body of a defeated Trojan; a horseman on the steppes, racing beside a foal, and ready to mount him at the gallop. And to think that he still had on his skin the salt of the Procidan sea, in which he'd been bathing with me that very morning!

That is Arturo's life up to the time that Wilhelm announces he is marrying again and brings home a Neapolitan girl of sixteen, Nunziata. It is with Arturo's changing attitudes towards his step-mother that the central portion of the novel is concerned, and Miss Morante is admirably subtle in portraying the shifts and shades. At first there is a simple, natural friendliness between the two, but this lasts only for a single afternoon and evening, ending, although Arturo does not understand this, with his realization that night that the marriage is being consummated. Thereafter he avoids her, and his hostility continues for more than a year, during which time she becomes pregnant.

Nunziata's labor begins during one of Wilhelm's absences, which are as frequent after the marriage as they had been before, and she gives birth to a son before Arturo can fetch the midwife. For a while Arturo is all tenderness towards Nunziata, but soon he becomes jealous of his half-brother, so jealous that he pretends suicide to win Nunziata's attention. His ruse is successful, and he discovers that she loves him, but not until later, after he has had sexual experience, does he understand that love between them is physical. She, however, knows that she is in danger of sinning, and after their first kiss she shuts herself away from him.

IN THAT summer, the summer before his seventeenth birthday, Arturo is completely miserable. Not only is he estranged from Nunziata; there is a barrier between him and his father. Gradually he is compelled to realize that his father is infatuated with a man, a cheap scoundrel who mocks at Wilhelm's adoration. Procida has long ceased to be Eden, and there is nothing for Arturo to do but leave it.

"Huckleberry Finn," as everyone remembers, peters out; at the end, as Ernest Hemingway said, Mark Twain cheated. "Arturo's Island" rises to an overwhelming climax. That is not to say that it is a better book than "Huckleberry Finn" but merely to call attention to the fact that it is in a tradition of more conscious craftsmanship. Deeply perceptive, Miss Morante knows how to communicate what she sees, and carries the reader along from one emotional state to another until she reaches her conclusion, a conclusion that crowns the work and makes it an intense experience.

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FICTION

From the Hill, the Romantic View

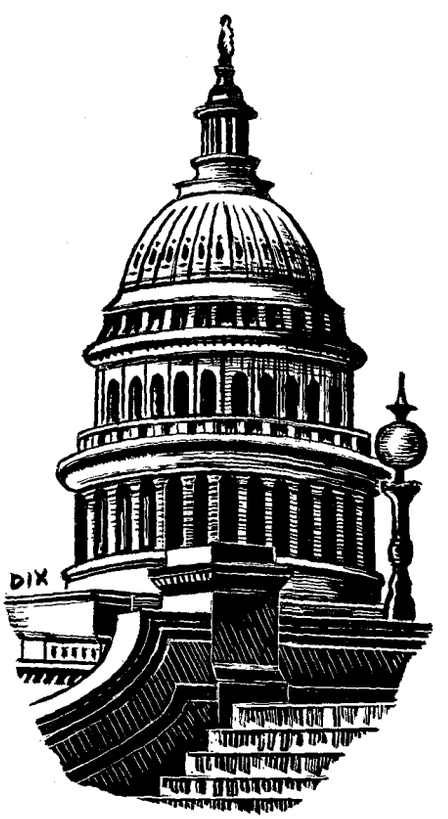
***"Advise and Consent," by Allen Drury** (Doubleday. 616 pp. $5.75), already has Washington abuzz with speculations about the prototypes in this romance about the U. S. Senate. Himself a novelist, now completing a new fictional work, Ned Calmer has covered the political scene for thirty years as reporter and CBS commentator.*

By Ned Calmer

EVERYTHING else aside, Allen Drury deserves some sort of prize for sheer literary audacity. His novel, "Advise and Consent," is nothing less than a romance about all 100 members of the United States Senate. True, fewer than a dozen of the Senators could be called principal characters in this book, which is massive in more ways than just length. But Mr. Drury, a veteran member of *The New York Times* reporting staff on Capitol Hill, who knows his subject like the back of his hand, undertakes many a detailed reference to all the other Senators as well, plus the British, French, Russian, and Indian ambassadors, United Nations delegates, numerous and various figures in several branches of the Government, and last but not least the President of the United States. As further expansion of background color, he strokes in the whole teeming life of official Washington by day as well as night, "when sex and society are on the move," as the author puts it. The downright wonder of it is that he manages all this with such skill that at no time does he have to use a current news headline or topical allusion that would pinpoint his narrative on any actual event of the present era. Rather, the story takes place at some indefinite period in the contemporary future, following the demise of the Eisenhower Administration. The political conflict that provides the basic theme is over the highly general issue of relations with Russia.

"Advise and Consent" has already caused some violent cloakroom arguments on Capitol Hill, and it is likely to keep on doing so at the next session of Congress. It is a *roman à clef* on the grand scale. But here again Mr. Drury is more than a match for those who would pin him down. So cleverly has he trod the tightrope between recorded history and individual personality that the moment a reader becomes convinced of the true identity of a given character the author drops in a twist that puts the whole surmise back in doubt. One colleague of mine amused himself by writing real-life names in the book's margin opposite the fictional ones, only to give up the game as hopeless after a hundred pages.

It would take too many words to do full justice to Mr. Drury's scenario. Suffice it that he opens with a sudden announcement by the President that he has chosen the controversial Robert Leffingwell to be his new Secretary of State. The news has a dramatic impact on the Senate; the Capital, and the world. Political lines are drawn at once; the President faces one of the fights of his life. A basic change in our policy toward international Communism is involved. The nation's future impends. Bob Munson, Senate Majority Leader, feels it his duty to get the nomination approved. His struggle to win, against machinations started by Leffingwell's ancient opponent, the redoubtable Seab Cooley of South Carolina, divides all Washington and has its repercussions as far away as Moscow. At long last—at *very* long last, it may seem to some, and after some pretty far-reaching melodrama —the rollcall renders its verdict.



BUT before we come to that day we have profited from much wisdom. We have learned a great deal about the key men in the Senate, about the art of practical politics, the lovely heiress who plays hostess to the world in the lovely house called Vagaries, the strange personality of Robert Leffingwell himself. En route we have reviewed a practically endless gallery of Washington portraits, including a Vice President drawn straight from "Of Thee I Sing," a homosexual Senator, a highly political Supreme Court Justice, assorted wives, mistresses, children, and hangers-on of the whole crowd, and so on down to groups of wide-eyed weekend tourists gawking at the monuments to our history.

Yet in the end it is the Senate which has become the true individual hero of the story. For the United States Senate has infected Mr. Drury with its ponderous charm. This novel is the testament of his deep and loving passion for a Body—in which, let one observer add regretfully, the author seems to feel that all are good and decent men according to their lights, without a single knave. Like the Senate's, his style tends to be leisurely and long-winded; there is always time for another paragraph. Authentic as they are, his scenes on the Senate floor inevitably have the sound of the Congressional Record being read aloud.

Given a more concentrated approach, Mr. Drury probably could have told his story in half the space or less. But for him, as for so many of us with our political system as a whole, the fascination is not so much in what it achieves as that it achieves anything at all. The antiquated trappings of the Senatorial machine, whose back wheels rarely know what its front wheels are doing, must drag along the highway with a maddening slowness; but in the end the jalopy has become juggernaut; the Will of the People has been served. Or has it?

"Advise and Consent" (a title, by the way, which takes a liberty with the context and spelling in the Con-

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ALTHOUGH WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENTS don't commonly write novels on the side, it would have been strange had "Advise and Consent" been written by anyone but a newspaperman covering the U.S. Senate. No ordinary novelist could hope to acquire so huge a fund of complex *expertise*. Allen Drury, a tall, good-looking Texan raised in California, is now in his thirties and has covered the Senate for sixteen years, the last five of them for *The New York Times*. As he put it to me: "Writing this book was like breathing—it practically wrote itself."

Allen Drury

Like many professional novelists, Drury wrote his book according to plan. The idea for the story had hibernated in his mind for years, and from time to time he would jot down notes for this scene or that character. Two chapters were written in 1950, after which the project lay fallow until 1957 when an alert Doubleday editor heard of it and suggested a contract. As much to see whether he really could do it as to justify a contract, Drury then began his novel in earnest.

Writing on week ends, days off, and before-and-after work, he set himself a weekly quota of 4,000-5,000 words. During this period he virtually lived in and with the Senate—the real one by day, an imaginary one by night. Are his characters based on actual Senators? He prefers not to commit himself, but if readers detect certain similarities here and there, they need not rebuke themselves.

And where does all this submergence in the U.S. Senate leave Allen Drury? For one thing, it has reinforced his faith in the American system of government, which, with all its human failings, still seems to him the best in operation anywhere. Second, it has fortified his determination to choose a different milieu for his second novel. The scene will be California, and he is already at work on the manuscript.

Does this mean he is done with Washington? "Not at all. I like it too well. In fact, I've left my book open for a sequel, which I hope will be No. 3."

—JOHN BARKHAM.

stitution) is not a work that gives promise of greater depth and brilliance to come. On the whole, despite its grasp of the basic conflicts of our life and times, it is a stereotyped picture, and the performance of its leading characters is easily anticipated by anyone who has been reading the papers in recent years. A lot of the time Mr. Drury's American characters talk Self-conscious Colloquial, the dialogue idiom of the slick magazines. And the high-flown persiflage of his foreign diplomats, to one who has really heard diplomats joshing off the record, will seem on occasion a bit overdone. Nevertheless, it is near enough to get a pretty good idea of how they really talk and what they really talk about. The author's problem here is to stick to general topics that will at once carry forward his theme and make the chit-chat comprehensible to his average reader. Has he done so? The Book-of-the-Month Club and the *Reader's Digest* reprint seem to think that he has.

It may be fiction material put together along strictly standard lines, with little original flavor, but if the writing inclines to the pedestrian the characters come into sharp and stable focus, and the story builds up with inevitable power. Once started, this novel is not easy to put down. And it is our own story; seen if you like from the standpoint of a right-wing philosophy.

The dilemma is that of our time —Allen Drury has written us a big book, certainly the biggest one about the Senate that we have. It may be a long time before a better one comes along.

COLLEEN BETRAYED: Edward McSorley's new novel has the merits and faults commonly found in the genre of Irish lyricism. Much of the detail in **"Kitty, I Hardly Knew You"** (Doubleday, $3.95) is shrewdly observed, and the whole is flowingly, eloquently written. Let there be no doubt that Mr. McSorley has the touch to do exactly what he wishes. Pictorially his novel is sharp; in characterization it is picturesque and vivid, but impaired by the basic fault of the book. This fault is sentimentality, coupled with elaborate contrivance in order that all the stops of sentiment may be pulled out, all tears shed, so that ourselves it is keenin' and weepin' an' all an' all.

We meet first a young man called Clune, in Liverpool. He has fled there because he was accessory to the killing of a traitor in the always enormous complexity of the Irish civil wars. Working as a stoker, he crosses to the United States, determined to jump his ship and remain. On the voyage he makes love to the immigrant girl Kitty. He promises and intends to seek her at her sister's house and marry her. But Clune is a weak man and simply hasn't the courage to face the involvement.

Mr. McSorley uses the demanding technique of multiple first-person narration. The thread passes back and forth between Clune and Kitty. Halfway through, a new voice—that of Dom, an Italian taxicab driver—is added. The method takes this strain but cracks when another, merely peripheral, voice is added to relate the climactic chapter. On top of it all, the author switches to the third-person style for the closing pages.

Along with this over-elaboration of narrative devices, there is an artificiality about the patterns of Clune's and Kitty's destinies. A disquieting feeling grows that things are happening not through convincing chains of cause-and-effect, or from internal necessity, but simply because the author is determined to manipulate them so. It is this understructure of contrivance which mars the often effective and touching individual scenes and sequences of Irish-American immigrant life.

—EDMUND FULLER.

Edward McSorley—"has the touch."

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Exploring Twenties

"Let Me Be Awake," by Stuart Mitchner *(Crowell. 305 pp. $3.95) and* ***"The Golden Youth of Lee Prince," by Aubrey Goodman*** *(Simon & Schuster. 344 pp. $4.50) are two first novels by two very young first novelists. Stuart Mitchner is a student at Indiana University, and Aubrey Goodman was recently graduated from Yale. Their books are reviewed by David Dempsey, Antioch '37.*

By David Dempsey

"IT TAKES a very long time to become young," Picasso once remarked; and although the ostensible purpose of these two first novels is a contemplation of modern youth—the combined age of the authors is forty-three—what we get is a literary image of youth which the current generation of college students, nursed on the books of J. D. Salinger, has come to regard as a convenient symbol of disenchantment. This is probably no coincidence. Unlike the writers of the Thirties, who found their material in the depression, or those of the war-oriented Forties, Mr. Mitchner and Mr. Goodman belong to a generation that has been thrown back upon itself. And since neither author has lived long enough to realize the kind of youthfulness that Picasso had in mind, they are walking most of the time on quicksand.

Both novels, in their own fashion, are extraordinarily readable. The mere act of filling 305 pages with any kind of story at all is, I take it, something of an accomplishment for a twenty-year-old, and Stuart Mitchner's "Let Me Be Awake" (which won the Thomas Y. Crowell College Novel Contest) although impressive chiefly as evidence of a talent that is solid, if not exactly exciting, is a book which its author will not have to apologize for later. It concerns a year in the life of Vince Reed, who attends a small college in Pennsylvania and returns to Indiana at the end of his freshman year puzzled and disillusioned by his Eastern adventures. He is determined to prove that you can go home again, and stay there.

Reed is conceived more in the Penrod than in Salinger's Holden Caulfield tradition, although like the latter he is beset by the adolescent's need for sheer experience as a means of defining his own personality. This is largely accomplished at the expense of Laura Straus, a psychologically complicated girl from New York with whom Reed falls in love. Mitchner has a talent for seeing these people sardonically; and although the story itself is somewhat incredible, and the situations all too stereotyped, the characters enjoy a kind of fumbling reality which holds our interest throughout. My chief criticism is that Mr. Mitchner, in dealing with their problems, has dealt with them too sensibly, just as he himself comes through as a very sensible and unangry young man. (Too much of the book, for example, is needlessly given over to spoofing the Beatniks.) As I noted, however, he is only twenty, and there is a good chance that he will grow out of it.

Aubrey Goodman is twenty-three and his "The Golden Youth of Lee Prince" is, stylistically at least, three years better than Mr. Mitchner's novel. In fact, it would be better yet if it were not so well written, for the author's facility, which derives from a shrewd ear for speech, points up the absence of any real engagement with the fundamentals of his subject. Lee Prince is a talented, rich, and moody young man who, having graduated from Yale, takes a fancy apartment in New York City, and settles down to write a novel. The story is told at one remove by his roommate, Tony Anderson, who is understandably disturbed by the comings and goings of Lee's odd-ball friends. The trouble with Lee, as with so many young men whose motor runs all right, but who can't seem to get the clutch out, is that they find themselves in a world they never made and damn well enjoy it.

In this case, youth will be served, and at great length. The result is a ramshackle and highly repetitious novel, which one can start in the middle, or at almost any other point, and read in either direction without the slightest damage to the story, or injury to the characters, who pop in and out like jack-in-the-boxes in order to get off at least one Bright Remark on every page.

I wish that Mr. Goodman, with all his ability, had not tried so hard to write such a clever book, that the parties in it were not quite so fabulous and the characters not so determined to be Characters. As it stands, "The Golden Youth of Lee Prince" will be appreciated best by those under twenty-five, who are willing to eat their way through a quart of whipped cream without ever getting down to the shortcake.

I wish, too, that both he and Stuart Mitchner would spend the next few years quarreling with themselves, or society, or their past, because I believe that talent owes to itself the duty of locating its own points of resistance and working from there on out. The problem for both writers is that their leading characters, as they are conceived, have literally nowhere to go; the challenge of their future is to find a more objective viewpoint, and to apply it to something besides themselves.

Your Literary I. Q.

WHEN THEY WERE VERY, VERY YOUNG

Often we meet literary characters when they are tiny infants. Fannie Gross, of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to identify ten such babies by the incidents briefly described below. Grown-up answers on page 40.

1. When this baby was born a boy instead of a girl, his Aunt Betsy considered it a personal affront.
2. When a day or so old, this infant was left in a hole of a wall at an Italian convent.
3. This baby was found floating down the Nile in a little reed boat.
4. Because his future looked black, this new-born boy was left hanging by his feet from a limb of a tree on Mount Cithaeron, supposedly to die.
5. This oversized infant, having freed his arm from his swaddling clothes, seized and ate the cow that was furnishing his milk.
6. This parentless baby was unanimously adopted by a hundred men in a rough camp and credited with bringing prosperity.
7. The winter night this baby girl was born both her father and mother died.
8. This orphaned son of a Negro circus trouper and a Mississippi white girl was consigned to an orphanage by his outraged grandfather and given a holiday for a surname.
9. The day this baby girl came into the world cawing crows circled about the house, which was a bad sign—the child was born feeble-minded.
10. When this baby girl's mother was sold at auction by her drunken father for five guineas, she was included in the transaction.

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Number One on the Agenda

NO SINGLE event since the end of the Second World War is more promising or imaginative than the forthcoming exchange of visits between President Eisenhower and Chairman Khrushchev. This exchange represents in a very real sense the culmination of the reciprocal visits of officials, scholars, scientists, educators, doctors, authors. The President and the Chairman will be able for the first time to have unobstructed access not only to basic viewpoints but to the thinking behind those viewpoints. They can consider not only the desirability of a relaxation of tensions. They can consider specific structural problems involved in the building of durable peace. Most of all, they will be able to work with fresh facts. For the world situation is not what it was only a few years ago. The change is represented not only by the increase in the destructive power of new weapons. It is represented by a basic change in the nature of the contest between the United States and the Soviet Union.

What was primarily once an ideological struggle is now primarily a balance-of-power struggle. Every point outside the two nations becomes an area of actual or potential contention. Whether the balance of power is measured by influence in the administration of another nation, or indirect control, or military bases, or arms supremacy makes little difference. Each side will attempt to bolster its security with all the means at its disposal.

The ideological factors are important, of course. They accelerate the present danger but they no longer totally define the present danger. The danger is that both sides—and indeed the world—will try to get by without a structured peace.

What is meant by a structured peace? First, that the individual nations be deprived of the means and opportunity for carrying out the mass murder of other peoples and nations. Second, that the legitimate needs of national security be underwritten by a world authority with adequate and workable machinery. Third, that this authority be empowered to enforce its decisions in matters of common security based on clearly defined law. Fourth, that a world legislative body, a world executive body, and a world judicial body be combined into a single functioning whole for carrying out world law.

Is there any likelihood that the Russians would be willing to work for this kind of structured peace? Wherever I went in the Soviet Union, I pressed as hard as I could for an answer. The answers I received were almost identical with the ones I had heard in the United States. World law was too idealistic. It couldn't possibly be achieved in time to do any good. It interfered with national sovereignty. It represented a danger to a nation's political or economic system. It ignored the political and cultural differences that separated the peoples of the world. Finally, it was said that if the Soviet Union and the United States could agree on the day-to-day questions, then no world authority was necessary. And if they couldn't agree on the day-to-day questions, then no world authority could make them agree.

As I say, the answers were the same as those one meets in the United States. What is not sufficiently realized, either there or here, is that day-to-day agreements must depend on enforceable arrangements for either side to be secure. And enforceable arrangements require in the very nature of the case an objective authority with adequate power in which all members have confidence. The very absence of such an enforceable authority intensifies the insecurity and the consequent dangers.

Though American public opinion still has far to go before we have a national consensus in favor of world law, it is important and encouraging that both the President and Vice President have spoken eloquently of the need for world law and are making this issue increasingly central in their public discussions. If this subject can become number one on the American agenda, then we may be justified in carrying it over into our conversations with the Russians. And, in the happy event that the head of each government will be given access to public opinion in the other's country, there is the prospect that the President may be able to speak directly to the Russian people about the problems of a structured peace.

That a structured peace is more difficult to bring into being than space ships or atomic-powered submarines there can be no doubt. Survival requires much more than advanced gadgetry; it requires historical knowledge, insight, inspiration, patience, a genius for persuasion, and an overpowering respect for human life and the rights of the next generation. But difficulty of this sort is the proper business of leadership. And the role of the individual in helping to fashion such leadership continues to be the key one.

In any event, the main question is not whether the Americans know how to make better color television sets than the Russians, or whether the Russians know how to make better Sputniks than the Americans. The question is whether the Americans *and* the Russians, in combination, know how to make peace.

For it is not what the Americans can do by themselves, or what the Russians can do by themselves, that will determine the shape or the splendor of their societies. Their destinies will be determined by their mutual ability to create and sustain a *structured* peace. If they should fail in this enterprise, then all their other enterprises—the giant turbines, hydroelectric power installations, mass-assembly belts, housing projects, jet planes, rockets, supermarkets, superhighways, or ballet theatres—all these will serve only as monuments to the scientific genius and political imbecility of a race of extinct warriors.

—N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A MATTER OF DEGREES

RE CLEVELAND AMORY'S column of July 4.

Let Cleveland Amory engage in badinage and make light of the Franciscan priests who in the one hundred years of Quincy College, the oldest Roman Catholic college in Illinois, are at last getting national attention by awarding honorary degrees to deserving persons.

As an outstanding Roman Catholic and leader in government, Senator John Kennedy was awarded an honorary Doctor of Laws degree. But Quincy is not tightly bound by religion. Former Lord Mayor Robert Briscoe of Dublin also was so honored and he is of Jewish faith.

The Fathers (not Friars) at Quincy were so flustered to hear from the eminent Mr. Amory, they neglected to tell him that actually twelve honorary degrees have been granted on local and national levels.

The Robert McLoughlin mentioned in Mr. Amory's column was the commencement speaker when I received my honorary Doctor of Letters degree three years ago. He came to Southern Illinois from Washington, D.C., where his job corresponded to that of mayor in any big city.

Bob Hope's many charities and public service are well known and I was proud to be present when he was honored. When it comes to badinage, he can outdo Mr. Amory. As far as Louella Parsons is concerned, no one is more deserving of honor. She is an Illinois native, a fact overlooked during her many years in Hollywood. She has set a style in column writing which has blazed a trail for the many who followed her in the movie colony. She still stands above all of them. Besides that, Miss Parsons is a devoted, charitable woman who has helped many persons in need.

I wonder if Mr. Amory could stand a search similar to that which resulted in giving her this honorary Doctor of Letters degree. Has any college or university ever taken time out to see if he is entitled to such an honor?

I don't know what other institutions would do about him but he would find that at Quincy no one would say, "the hell with it" as he so simply dismisses the entire procedure.

I am sure that at Quincy he would receive every consideration of friendship and charity.

NATE GROSS.

Chicago, Ill.

THE UNLETTERED MR. AMORY REPLIES

IN THE MORTAL WORDS of the much-honored Bruce Barton, "You have to be pretty nimble, these days, to avoid an award." But I did not say "the hell with it," about either Quincy or the good Fathers. They had told me that they had every sport at the college except football, that they had gone eighty-three of their one hundred years without awarding any honorary degrees at all, and that they then, in the last seventeen years, had awarded eleven, including Dr. Kennedy, Dr. Bob Hope, Dr. Nate Gross, and Dr. Louella Parsons. What I said was, "Somehow we think it would be easier just to say the hell with it—and play football." As for standing, in Dr. Gross's words, "a search similar to that which resulted in giving her [Miss Parsons] this honorary Doctor of Letters," I agree with Dr. Gross's doubt as to whether I could stand it. In fact, I can't even stand to think about it. But I'll try. And though I've never thought of Dr. Parsons as a "trail blazer," I'll even try that too—dammit, I will. There ought to be *some* degree, *some*where, for trying.

CLEVELAND AMORY.

New York, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"His name is J. Wesley Smith, and he's wanted in Manitoba."

THE STEP BEYOND

AS A REGULAR READER of Granville Hicks's column through the years, my attention has been drawn by him to many novel facets in a writer's writing. In his recent discussion of J. D. Salinger [*SR* July 25], however, and particularly of his (Salinger's) "Seymour: An Introduction," he seems to overlook the really essential element of this writer: Salinger is deeply concerned about man's condition and wants to write great literature about it.

Under the old system of dialogue and name-dropping that he had been using (making the general, intelligent reader very happy in the process) it would be impossible to become as subjective about his subjects as he feels he must be.

As an introduction to "Seymour: An Introduction," he quotes from Kafka and Kierkegaard to introduce us to what he wants to do; that is to write as subjective an account of Seymour as only he (Buddy) can do, without the act of writing gettting in the way.

For about two thirds of the story, Salinger succeeds brilliantly. In fact, the reader is torn between the questions of whether the Glass family really *does* exist or that Salinger will go a step beyond Franz Kafka in using the next dimension in writing. Then, however, the story seems to collapse and, to my way of thinking at least, ends very badly. Maybe in going as far as he did as fast, in trying to achieve complete objectivity through complete subjectivity, the reader asked himself the above questions too soon. The minute they are asked, all is lost.

The really important thing, however, is neither that he failed in trying to do a most difficult thing nor that his style isn't as pleasing and as readable as it was in his earlier stories, but that he has the courage and depth to want to evolve into something better. In a writer as popular as Salinger, I think this departure is both novel and laudable.

JOHN F. WILSON.

DePere, Wis.

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GRANVILLE HICKS might be interested in knowing that in at least one American high school "The Catcher in the Rye" has been banned from the library. The students at Grayslake High School will not be among the "every undergraduate in America" group that Hicks thinks has read the book.

A copy of the book was requisitioned by the English Department of the school. Later, the librarian, thumbing through the book, discovered a few four-letter words. There was a hasty conference with the principal and then the ban was put into effect.

RUTH RIGSBY.

Wildwood, Ill.

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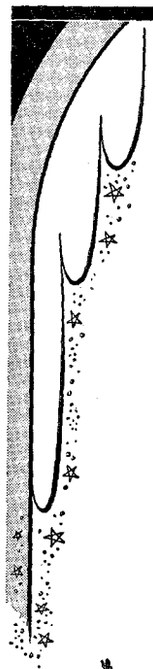

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Precious Little

PROBABLY never before has a Bernard Shaw play, in its transference to film, been so cut up and virtually kicked around as **"The Devil's Disciple."** The Hecht-Hill-Lancaster organization (recently splintered into separate units) combined with Bryna Productions to produce the movie, which means, to be as uncomplicated about it as possible, that they were able to combine their prime assets—Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas—in the starring roles. Thus, we have Mr. Lancaster as the Rev. Anthony Anderson (a fifty-year-old Presbyterian minister, in the play, who turns in his collar and joins the American rebels as a fighting captain), and Kirk Douglas as the volatile Dick Dudgeon, who prefers paying homage to the devil rather than accept the stiff-necked godliness of his neighbors in New Hampshire. It was, presumably, Harold Hecht, as the producer of the film, and chief coordinator of the merged companies, who was able to obtain the services of Laurence Olivier as General Burgoyne and, in so doing, he was able, at least to a degree, also to save the day. For, to this viewer's utter surprise, the movie is not without its amusements and charms, considering the fact that well over 50 per cent of Shaw's lines have been discarded, and that several other lines, as well as whole scenes, never dreamed of by Shaw, have been added by the scriptwriters, John Dighton and Roland Kibbee.

Olivier, as Burgoyne, is in enormously good humor, delivers his speeches with a rare bite, and is exactly what Shaw might have asked for, if he had been available to deliver advice on casting and playing. I rather think, that in the process, he has given an acting lesson to Messrs. Lancaster and Douglas, for he represents style and finish (along with an impeccable diction), while they represent something closer to industriousness and good will rather than the Shavian method. But the relative crudeness of the latter two is not entirely a detriment, since it sets off the elegance and the airs of a representative of the aristocratic mother country against the homelier force and virility of the disengaged colonies. Douglas plays Dudgeon with something of a Scarlet Pimpernel dash, and Lancaster is stolid and resolute as the minister. They can't be said to be bad; they just aren't terribly good. It may be significant that action has been substituted for dialogue in most of their scenes, while the Burgoyne role has been left relatively intact.

The action sequences include a snatching of a body from a gallows, the single-handed capture of Springtown (in comic style) by the minister, a march by Burgoyne and his men constantly interrupted by felled trees, and some animated puppetry that indicates Shaw's version of the historical background. Through all this, lines from the play, taken out of context, are occasionally interjected, as though the spirit of the author were somehow managing to make its presence felt. But, except for the famous court-martial scene (which has always been the saving grace of this fairly minor Shaw) precious little of the classic remains. In the shuffle, Eva LeGallienne, who is listed as a co-star, is left with a total of three lines. In the play she would, of course, have been very prominent as Dick Dudgeon's mother. Janette Scott, as the minister's young wife, was a good deal luckier, since she provides the romance, rather screechily, I'm afraid. Since action seems to be a good deal faster than words, the movie races its course in about eighty minutes, deftly enough, under Guy Hamilton's direction.

* * *

No odious comparisons will be made about the respective stage and screen versions of **"Blue Denim,"** mainly because I missed the stage presentation. The movie, on the other hand, can be said to be foolish, inept and, with one or two exceptions, badly acted. With artificial sensitivity, it details the love pangs and sex urges of two adolescents who get themselves into "trouble," as the euphemism goes. But why be euphemistic, since the movie isn't? Carol Lynley, a chubby blonde girl, gets herself pregnant, and her boy friend, Brandon de Wilde (looking roughly fourteen) attempts to get her an abortion. In the nick of time, the two families learn the shocking truth, chase wildly across the countryside, and rescue the girl. At the end, the kids are off to be married—about as improbable a solution of the dilemma as could be found. Warren Berlinger, as the friend of the kids, sheds a gleam through the proceedings, but the others, including Marsha Hunt and MacDonald Carey, are unable to combat the script, with its dreadfully unctuous tone. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Macbeth, Jr.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

JASON ROBARDS, JR., always seems to challenge any material with which he works because of his insistence on making it personally truthful. His concentration on this task somehow relaxes him to the point where hundreds of tiny revelations and surprises emerge. He is not only absorbing to watch, but we are never able to discount his stage actions as "make-believe."

Now **"Macbeth"** would seem in some respects an ideal role for this sort of approach, because it is concerned with that very real and contemporary problem, the diseased mind. And his performance at the new Metropolitan Boston Arts Center tent theatre, which is state-supported, begins promisingly. We see through his furtive, darting eyes that the witches' prophecy of Macbeth's ascendancy to the throne of Scotland has uncovered a long-standing repressed wish within him. And even at the moment when he balances the giddying thought of the impossible coming true with "If chance will have me King, why chance may crown me without my stir," we are aware that the cancer is growing at a furious and unstoppable rate. This is right and feeds our expectations of the gripping tragedy about to erupt.

Unfortunately, it never quite does, for Robards refuses to let his role accelerate into poetry and madness. He keeps pulling the rein on himself and applying the inhibiting influences of common sense and pessimism to actions that should have both the terror and wonder of poetic insanity. When he soliloquizes about assassinating a King who is both his guest and kinsman, the violations of etiquette seem to concern him more than the horror of committing murder. After the deed is done, Robards immediately acknowledges defeat as he wanders about the stage like a wounded bird, holding his blood-stained hands limply, as if they were infected appendages. The sorrow that he expresses when the crime is discovered is not feigned, but becomes a true lament of his action.

Once King, Robards gives us a nervous protagonist who walks up and down a lot. He is now trying with the childish cold logic of the schizophrenic to defeat the witches' prophecy by assassinating those who, according to the prediction, will succeed him. After Banquo's death, Mr. Robards allows the moment of seeing his ghost result in his strongest outburst of the evening. While the picture of Robards picking up Banquo's empty chair and trying somehow to kill it is excellent theatre, the speech itself demonstrates the crux of a problem this young actor is going to have to face. At this point in his career his ability to speak a long passionate stretch of verse is less developed than his ability to feel it. The rise in volume and energy generated by his deep emotions inundates the clarity and shape of what he is saying. It jams the machine.

THUS he is better at short bursts of dialogue like, "This deed's to do, but no more sights." Occasionally his quiet, almost casual, delivery of lines usually declaimed can be very effective. For it is never a stunt but rather a trusting by the actor of his talent. This trust allows him to defy the conventions of the stage to an extraordinary degree. In the middle of one scene of "Macbeth," he will stop and fix a rug with his foot, and whenever he feels like it, he will pause between two related words to follow a fleeting thought. Perhaps the most startling of his innovations is his delivery of the "Tomorrow and tomorrow" speech. On being informed of the Queen's death, Robards rushes offstage and returns with her body in his arms. He speaks the words softly to her, pausing after the first word of "Out, . . . Out brief candle" to kiss her lips. While this is a valid and striking way to do the speech, it is unfortunately followed by Macbeth having to become very startled about the news that Birnam Wood is coming to Dunsinane. The difference in energy level leaves the impression that the great soliloquy has been given a position of lesser importance.

Siobhan McKenna, who plays Lady Macbeth in a long red wig, resembles Robards in her fantastic concentration, but differs from him in that she is unable to make any line seem casual. From the first moment, she is resolved in her purpose, as if the making of her husband King were a holy crusade. There is no need for her to say "Unsex me here." She is already pure willpower. It is only after she has set out on her mission that she uses sex as a means to an end. Her best scenes are the later ones

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in which she has an opportunity to feel remorse for her deeds. Miss McKenna takes to repentance like a horse to oats. She is eloquent in her silent, doomed walk across the upper stage. She furnishes the evening's most moving moment with her woe-filled, "Here's the smell of blood still," as if she had died and found herself eternally damned. Her violent washing and shaking of her hands is a bold and memorable touch, although it puts the emphasis on the symptoms of her insanity rather than on the poetry of her despair.

DIRECTOR José Quintero has surrounded his two stars with a careful and truthful if not a completely successful production. The best of the supporting cast is Roy Poole, as Macduff. Poole, who two seasons ago played Macbeth in the highly praised Central Park production, now has a chance to emerge the victor rather than the victim. This he does with great relish, as he wounds Macbeth in a spectacular push down the forestage steps and follows it up by jumping on top of him and choking him to death. Poole is also very effective in the scene where he is informed that his "pretty ones" have been killed. He lets the pain accumulate slowly before he gives vent to it.

However, Mr. Quintero's style of directing has had to make its peace with a theatre whose size and shape demand spectacle. While he and his designer, David Hays, have provided that spectacle (the scene in which the apparitions appear through smoke in a brilliant flood of backlighting is thrilling), its contrast with the small-as-life individual scenes makes the latter seem somewhat inadequate, and deprives the production of a total shape.

While one leaves this production of "Macbeth" with the feeling that Shakespeare has not been done justice, one cannot say that about the story or the character. These we have been given well and interestingly. What remains to be accomplished is for Quintero and Robards to realize that good verse is not a boring artificiality but a tool that can help the actor and the play. To make it ring true in an America that resists any elegance of speaking as affectation may be a difficult problem, but it will have to be faced if we are going to do the classics satisfactorily. After all, rich, melodic speech and expression in terms of a dozen lines rather than phrase by phrase is no more false than wearing a costume or using a spotlight. It takes work, but without it our fine young "natural" actors will not come of age.

—HENRY HEWES.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Notes without Music

ACCORDING to a long-standing belief, good Americans, when they die, go to Paris. But there is increasing evidence these days that wise Americans, while they are alive, prefer Rome. There is hardly anything about a foreign capital that you can't miscalculate in a fortnight's visit, but if the Americans I saw in Rome were not happy to be there, then play-acting is more of a national talent than is commonly recognized.

Some of the attractions of Rome for the music minded were touched upon in a previous comment (*SR* Aug. 1, 1959). To these may be added a multitude of others, relating to cost, comfort, and convenience, which are not matched by any continental competitor. I exclude Spain, for want of personal comparison. But impersonal comparison would hardly qualify Spanish centers for serious rivalry to Rome.

I don't know, for example, any comparable Continental capital that offers surf bathing on a sandy beach well under an hour's drive from whatever is considered "downtown." Rome's Ostia (including the more elegant part called Lido di Roma) is merely kilometres the other side of the Colosseum, reached by a pleasant run to the Tyrrhenian Sea over the arrow-straight Via Cristoforo Colombo. If you blunder on turns leaving the city, an adjacent route may take you through an intersection of the Via Guglielmo Marconi and the Piazza Tomaso Edison before you hit the main road, but in this part of the world, all roads lead to Ostia. En route you pass the swiftly expanding facilities for the 1960 Olympics, including new hotels, housing for the athletes, administration buildings, etc. As the sea is only sniffing distance away at this point, it is reasonable to assume that the tourist trade will be using these facilities (including, perhaps, a nearby *Supermercato*) post 1960.

For the while, however, it may be suggested that Ostia be resisted on the week-ends, when all available footage is pre-empted by Romans enjoying—what else?—a Roman holiday. At other times, access to the newest development (smartly titled "Sporting Beach") can be achieved by payment of 2,500 lire for the day's use of a cabana. The tariff of $4 carried no formal restriction on quantity of users, suggesting that a couple, or a couple of couples, could move in on the hot sands and cool waters to utilize the shelter in such sequence or combination as modesty decreed.

When the seashore is congested, other excursions invite the traveler who drives his own. From nearby Frascati, for example, you can overlook the busy traffic (and in the cool of the night, the twinkling lights) of Ciampino Airport, while sampling the well-known products of its surrounding vineyards. An ancient mountain retreat from the heat of Rome, its spacious villas are now mostly historic curios; but the imposing succession of them, mounting up the hillside, is an impressive sight on its own, especially for the climaxing one which seems to have been arranged on a ledge scooped out of the mountainside for the purpose.

As near as the next rise is Castel Gandolfo, celebrated as the summer alternative of innumerable Popes to Vatican City. As well as being higher and cooler than the urban residence of His Eminence, it is also noteworthy for a bowl of a lake, skyblue under the prevailing sky of blue, which is depressed within a hilltop and quite invisible until one passes the top of the rise and discovers it floating in the distance. This picturesque oddity is only one reason why the spot has long enjoyed Papal favor.

SELF-DRIVE has its satisfactions in Italy as elsewhere, but one deception practised on the unwary is worth mention, to avoid annoyance as well as disappointment. Much is made, in Italian tourist literature, of a concession on the cost of gasoline to visitors, to encourage *tourism*. But this consideration is extended only to visitors driving cars with *foreign* (French, English, Austrian, American, or whatever) plates. If the visitor hires a car in Italy, he is, alas, not entitled to this deduction. Why this should be, I cannot say: for if he becomes involved in a minor traffic offense, he is as much a foreigner as anyone lording it over the *paesanos* in a Fleetwood or a Rolls.

As the immediate consequence of such an incident is angry accusations in a language in which you are at a disadvantage, plus heated demands for damages (an alarming prospect if you have a departure scheduled for the next day), it is a wise precaution to invest in *complete* insurance protection wherever it is available. In most countries, it is approximately a dollar a day. Without this added protection, the driver is liable for any cost up to the $60 or so at which the leasor's obligation begins: with it, he is indemnified from the kinds of "contacts" (a scrape or bump on the crowded Via del Tritone in the rush hour, or incident to parking on Vienna's Ringstrasse) which are routine in New York, St. Louis, Chicago or San Diego but cause a crowd to convene as if by magic wherever the driver is a foreigner.

By contrast with Paris, where any hotel owner with a property adjacent to the Étoile considers it reasonable to charge in accordance with location rather than facilities, Rome offers equitable value for whatever you require. I wouldn't categorize it as "cheap"—why should it be?—but a certain rule of reason prevails. There are luxury restaurants where you may order warily and be frowned upon as too provident (in one the waiters are so spoiled by free-spending clients that a request for a wine of the "Castelli Romani" was answered with "well, if you want local stuff . . ."). But there are also practically numberless *trattoria* (the equivalent of the

Parisian bistro, plus outdoor tables) in which the citywide staples are processed with as much pride, and comparable skill. Everyone soon acquires his favorites, but selection can be accelerated if you discover a table-neighbor making his way through a repast of *zuppe, pasta, pesce* and *formaggio* while absorbing the day's news from a *giornale*. When this dapper middle-aged Roman (who might have been a senior receptionist at a neighboring hotel) marked his wine bottle and sent it back to wait the next day's usage, he was the best possible advertisement for the cuisine, and *conto*, of the establishment.

However, even this happy idyll is tempered with disillusion when you prepare to take your leave and discover an exit impost of 700 lire per person at the airport. What price, then, "Arrivederci Roma?" The pretty fable of the Fontana di Trevi guaranteeing a return to the city by those who toss a few pennies into it would be more palatable if a replica were erected at the airport and the traditional levy allowed to take the place of the stiffly legal one.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Fishes and Finns

ASTORIA, OREGON.

A LOCAL painter, who is also in the wall-papering business, was hard at work the other afternoon on a hilly street in Astoria, looking out over the broad estuary of the Columbia River to the state of Washington beyond. He was painting the spikes of a wooden fence onto a wall, blending them with a few real ones that ran out from a recreated stockade. The stockade was erected to commemorate the first days of this settlement, which had been hurled way out here by a forty-eight-year-old German immigrant named John Jacob Astor. It had only been five years since Lewis and Clark first penetrated the wilderness of the Northwest clear to the Pacific. Now Astor and his American fur company sent the schooner *Tonquin* around the Horn, and his landing party built the modest stockade on this hilly site April 12, 1811. "The foliage was budding," one pioneer trapper wrote, "we imagined ourselves in the Garden of Eden."

Otter was a valuable pelt and it would have made easy trading with the Orient, where the skins were much admired. But as for America's first commercial venture in the Northwest, John Jacob had to go and lose it at Astoria. The company survived but a year, for with the approach of the War of 1812, the only prudent thing was to sell the whole caboodle to the British Northwest Company, a rival of the Hudson's Bay Company, before the British appropriated it anyway. The graveyard on the hill, alongside the recreated stockade and the *trompe l'oeil* mural behind it, holds the ancient remains of Donald MacTavish, the Northwest Company's manager. Manager MacTavish had imported the English barmaid, Jane Barnes, whose arrival in 1814 gave her the title of the first white woman in the Oregon Country. If MacTavish indeed had matrimony on the mind, his intentions were never fulfilled for after a day of tippling, a sport of which he was fond, Donald toppled from a canoe while crossing the river and thus became the first recorded burial of a white person in the brand new land.

From across the river the son of Chief Concomly of the Chinooks sought Jane's hand, but there is no historical evidence to show that she believed in mixed marriages. If Concomly *fils* lost his heart, Concomly *père* fared no better. He lost his head, albeit after he was dead, a preferable arrangement if decapitation is inevitable. The severance of Concomly's head was effected by a doctor otherwise assigned to heal the sick of the Hudson's Bay Company, who, entranced by the sloping foreheads of the noble Chinooks and fascinated as well by phrenology, a popular science of the day, played ghoul at Concomly's grave and sent the noggin to the Royal Naval Hospital at Portsmouth, England. Although the place was bombed during the recent war, the skull was saved, and largely through the efforts of a dedicated Astoria historian named Burnby Bell, it was sent back to Astoria where, much to the annoyance of Concomly's many descendants, the head of the head of the clan reposes now in the local museum.

—*Union Pacific Railroad.*

Oregon Coast—"Oh, the joy!"

Although fur trading faded in Astoria, fishing caught on, and so did logging. Swedes and Norwegians came to work these industries and in the 1880's there was an additional rush of Finns, so many in fact that it is estimated that 5,000 of the present 12,000 Astorians are of Finnish extraction. Until recently the town printed a Finnish newspaper. In 1948 the tuna that had been caught and canned for so many years (Bumble Bee brands are canned here) disappeared. Fishing scouts spent long months looking for them, and the seers of the sea think that now that the Japanese Current is once more moving closer, the tuna will soon be back in profusion.

ASTOR'S daring idea is remembered in the town's name, in the Astor Column high above the city, and of course, in the outlandishly pink John Jacob Astor Hotel, which is equipped with a dimlit Fur Trapper's Bar. The Astor Column, built from funds voted by Vincent Astor and the Great Northern Railway, is an unlucky shaft that rises 125 feet in the Oregon sky, and offers a magnificent view if you climb it of log booms floating on the far-off rivers, sawmills smoking in the distance, the great Columbia River, and Cape Disappointment. The monument was dedicated to three great events in local history: the discovery of the river in 1792, the Lewis and Clark expedition in 1805-1806, and the Astor expedition in 1811. The spire is a copy of Trajan's column in Rome, and although twelve Italian artisans were imported along with the design, the engraved murals on the side of the stone have been twice erased by the buffeting weather. If that is a disappointment, local people think it is an achievement that the Astor Column has been able to stand at all in the face of the one-hundred-mile-an-hour winds that blow down from the arctic wastes.

If their share in the Astoria Column is only one-third, Lewis and Clark still fare better here than they do on the home grounds of their own Fort Clatsop, where they holed up during the winter they passed in the Oregon Country. A replica of the log lodge they occupied during those frosty days has been erected under the trees here, and until the Federal Government decides whether it is to be a national monument or not, the place has been surrounded by a massive steel fence to keep out the roisterers who had taken to holding beer parties in these hallowed pioneer halls.

When the Lewis and Clark party was getting ready to return eastward, the cupboard was bare of salt needed to cure the meat for provisions. The expedition dispatched a party of three

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men ten miles down a pike now known as U.S. Route 101 to the community now known as Seaside. There on the broad sand beach the men boiled sea water until they had accumulated four bushels of salt. Said Clark, the poetic one, when the Pacific hove into view, "Oh, the joy." It is still a joy to the hardy bathers who come today, wading out, as they must, past four rows of breakers before the water is deep enough for swimming. Sunbathers, perhaps less hardy, huddle among the tufted dunes, out of reach of the searching wind. Seaside villas in Seaside, nestling amid a welter of nasturtiums, broom and pine, are not expensive, and for those who don't want to set up housekeeping there are motels such as the Sands, which offers an ocean view far down to Lighthouse Island, a piece of Federal real estate that the Government has just put on sale. It offers a fireplace-warmed patio, with ping pong, a sundeck, and a glassed-in pool. The rate comes to $16 a day. The Gearhart Hotel, next door, has riding and a golf course, but is otherwise so unkempt that I cannot in good conscience recommend it.

Although Seaside in its seamier side has some of the familiar accoutrements, in a limited way perhaps, of Atlantic City, Asbury Park, and Coney Island—it does, after all, peddle Coneyburgers—it might prove more interesting, in lieu of a hot game of skee ball, to journey out to Fort Stevens, the first fortification of the continental United States since 1812 to have been shelled by a foreign power. I will be the first to say that Fort Stevens is certainly possessed of a heavily qualified title, but it fascinates me nonetheless to be reminded of the encounter in June of 1942 when the Japanese lobbed twenty-six shells from a submarine into this encampment. There were no casualties. The bunkers along the coast, as well as the fort are overgrown with weeds and long since abandoned.

Much more romance envelops Neahkahnie Mountain, south on 101, where long years ago a Spanish ship carrying a load of beeswax and perhaps a load of treasure, foundered on the rocks offshore. So persistent have been the Indian legends of Spanish sailors who allegedly came ashore here and buried a large chest in the mountainside that treasure hunters have searched for it through the years. All that has been found are traces of the beeswax and a pair of marked rocks, one engraved with a cross. From Neahkahnie Mountain, 700 feet above the sea, stretches Short Sand Beach, girt with fir, as well as a local golf course which advertises "Every hole an ocean view."

The Ocean Park Motel sits on the beach at Manzanita, with a glass-surrounded pool and two decks of comfortable rooms, a perfect roost for fishermen who come to work out of the old fishing village of Nehalem on the Nehalem River. Salmon, crab, flounder, spring cutthroats, and clams on the beach are the catch. The clams are emigrated cousins from Maryland, whose ancestors came west around the Horn in 1800 tucked in the ballast of a ship out from the shores of Chesapeake Bay to pick up a load of lumber. White shell clams have been living on the beach ever since the ship's ballast was dumped on the beach over 150 years ago, full of clam spawn. The Tyee Grill at the hamlet of Wheeler is the place to eat, serving up in modest seaside surroundings, clam fritters, seaside razor clams, Nehalem Bay clams, crab legs, crab cocktails, and crab and oyster sandwiches. Come early, it closes nightly at eight. Fishermen who boat salmon can have their catch packed in tins by the local canneries.

Sturgeon, which is said to be landed along the coast by tractors, is available smoked and canned, and Lindy's on Broadway has no better. A pixieish retreat called the Pixie Kitchen at Wecoma Beach serves up a mix of clams and creamed cheese called clam dip which is a poem, as well as smoked codfish balls and pickled sable fish, all this an hors d'oeuvre to more serious shore dinners. The handsomest place to bed down for a few days is, hands down, the nearby Surftides, a collection of fifty-eight motel-like rooms, all of them hanging over the sea, covered in gray, weather-beaten clapboard, brightened with pink geraniums and hung with terraces that look down on the broad sand beach where the carefree rent red motorbikes for a thunderous promenade down the sands. There is an open but glass-enclosed pool at hand and for days that are simply unbearable the management has also erected an indoor pool covered by a twenty-second century glass case.

ON a sandy point covered with a forest of silvery driftwood at Taft, grown men and women spend the summer days standing at the water's edge, side by side, catching small fish without benefit of bait. The real sport begins in the fall when salmon bite, on bait of course, suspended from the dock. From this rather unsporting perch one fisherman took a fifty-two-pound Chinook last year. Down at Depoe Bay, the fishing boats nestle in a near-hidden cove, putting out through a neck of water that leads to the sea. At Cape Foulweather, named by Captain Cook, an explorer who seems to turn up at all points of the historical compass, there are pay telescopes for peeking out to the cormorants, the murres, and sometimes to the white sea lions that nest on the offshore rocks. This tourist den, known as The Lookout, displays an amazing collection of glass fishing floats that have washed up all the way from Japan. Ranging in size from one to twenty-four inches in diameter, the green glass balls are a prized find for Oregon beachcombers, and a prized souvenir item for the souvenir stalls. They are remindful of the wartime days when the Japanese floated incendiary balloons all the way from Nippon, many of which landed in Oregon, one with fateful results, at a children's picnic. Their successful descent over Oregon was one of the best kept secrets of the war.

AMONG the phenomena of the coast is a handsome motel called The Adobe, which was entirely built by Lauren Smith and his family who began first by mixing their own mud for the bricks. Beginning at age fifty, after a lifetime spent as a salesman, Smith and his helpers put the whole place together, including the wiring, the plumbing and most of the furniture. He now has twenty units, charges $14 for a double room with an ocean view and a fireplace, is filled most of the time. Now that the building is finished Mr. Smith is the chef, and has already landed in some restaurant books with his Crab Susy, which is Dungeness crab meat wrapped in a French pancake and swathed in tomato sauce. In *her* spare time, Mrs. Smith makes her own jig-saw puzzles, selling them in progressive sets for children.

To me, Mr. Smith and his accomplishments are no less an awesome sight nor less an attraction than the Seal Caves just down the road at Florence, where some 300 barking sea lions are normally in residence, albeit in a private preserve. They live in the caves for about nine months, emerge to summer residence on the outcropping of rocks from mid-March to mid-July. Before the highway was built seals nested all along Oregon's coast, but the preserve at Florence is now the only mainland sea lion rookery in the world. It so happened that the seals chose to stay on this minute stretch of land that has been private property since 1890. The attraction has been operated as a partnership since 1928, but both the state and the Federal Government have been making noises about taking over the rookery, and already the bickering can be heard loud and clear above the barking of the seals.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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Revolving Door to Democracy

"The Frozen Revolution: Poland, A Study in Communist Decay," by Frank Gibney *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 269 pp. $4.75)—like so many political studies of volatile countries—suffers from the rapid alteration of modern history. CBS News Correspondent Ernest Leiser explains why.*

By Ernest Leiser

IN HIS study of Poland, Frank Gibney has recollected that dank and dramatic October day in 1956, when Nikita Khrushchev and his aides flew into Warsaw "in a collective rage" to bring the Polish Communist dissidents to heel. He describes again Khrushchev's truculence and threats at the airport, the angry conversations at Belvedere Palace, where "Khrushchev and the others made it clear that they wanted the lid put back on Poland before popular pressure blew it off." Mr. Gibney recounts once more the confrontation between K. and Wladislaw Gomulka ("I am Gomulka, whom you put in prison for three years") and he recalls Gomulka's defiant counterthreat to take his case, over the radio, to the people of Poland.

What a contrast between that meeting and Khrushchev's trip to Warsaw just concluded! The sensitive report of A. M. Rosenthal, of *The New York Times*, describes the Soviet Premier's arrival in Warsaw on July 14, 1959, this way:

> Waiting to embrace him at the airport was a tanned and rested Wladislaw Gomulka, chief of Poland's Communist party. M. Gomulka and his party concentrated this first day of the Russian's nine-day visit on stressing the Soviet Union's importance to Poland as protector and mentor.
>
> The two men said nothing more than Communist leaders usually say about each other in front of microphones. But against the background of Polish-Soviet relations everyone knew that their words were meant to demonstrate that the alliance that almost crumbled in 1956 was now firm.

And even more dramatic was the wirephoto of Khrushchev and Gomulka clasped in each others' arms.

The two occasions—less than three years apart—point up how fast the currents of history in satellite East Europe have run since Khrushchev suddenly and secretly flew into Poland to deal with the threat of anti-Soviet rebellion. And they also point up how out of date is a major thesis of Mr. Gibney's new book; that Poland is "a one-time political satellite . . . whirling half out of its orbit."

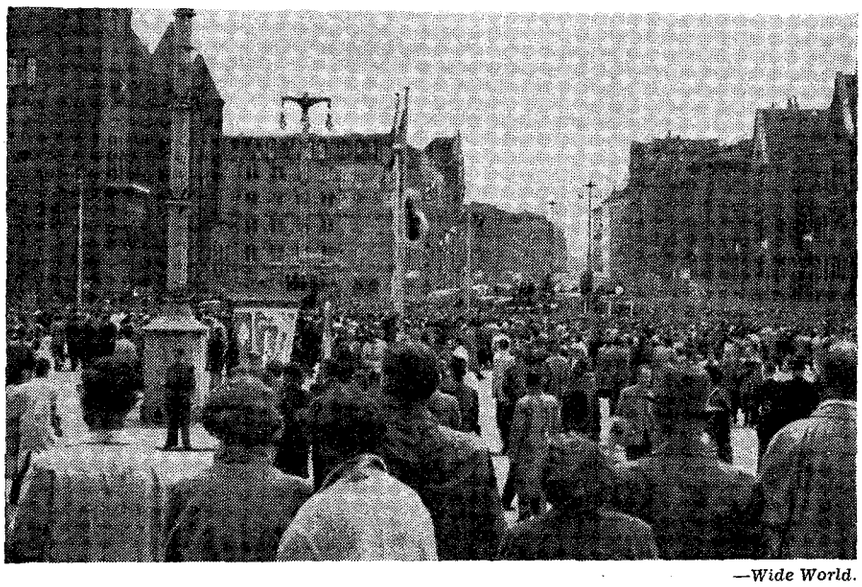
For all purposes of practical politics Poland once again—whether we like it or not—is securely back in orbit. Its divergencies from Kremlin orthodoxy still exist, but they are not fundamental and they are diminishing. In fact, the lid is on again throughout Communist East Europe in a way that must surpass the most hopeful dreams of Khrushchev during those—for him—dark days at the end of 1956.

There are no longer, today, many political theorists who see in East Europe a situation of unrest that the West can "exploit." The only Titoist of consequence left is Tito. In Hungary, the physical scars of revolution have disappeared after an impressive program of urban face-lifting in Budapest: the psychological scar that remains deepest, it seems, is the conviction that the whole adventure of 1956 was quixotic and not one to be repeated. The Russians have felt it safe to pull troops out of places like Rumania altogether, and even in Hungary the Soviet garrison has been cut back almost to pre-revolutionary size. East Germany has never been less of a problem to Khrushchev. His obedient servant, Walter Ulbricht, is securely in control of the situation, and the dominant national mood of the East Germans, like that of their neighbors to south and east, is one of resignation at their fate.

INDEED, most Western observers in Germany believe that Khrushchev created the crisis over Berlin not because he felt his position in East Germany insecure but because he felt the time had come to complete the process of reconsolidation that he has quietly, but effectively and systematically, been achieving since that October when it seemed the cracks in the edifice of empire had so widened that what Stalin had built was in real danger of collapse.

Perhaps no country illustrates how far consolidation in the satellite area has gone as clearly as Poland, where people today conspicuously avoid speaking any longer of a "Polish road to Socialism" and where the main roads again all lead to Moscow. Mr. Gibney notes that at the end of 1956 the Russians had been "virtually expelled" from Poland. Today Gomulka says, with K. standing beaming by, that "friendship with the Soviet Union has to be guarded 'like the apple of our eye.' Our unity is the basic guarantee for peace. This is our policy and it finds understanding among the Polish nation."

It is hard to reconcile this with the sweeping statements that Mr. Gibney makes, both in introduction and epilogue to his book, that "Poland opened a door to democracy's peaceful reinvasion of the world of Communism" and that "there is hope for all free men in Poland's living witness to the



—*Wide World.*

Poznan demonstrators shown prior to three-day rebellion that began June 28, 1956.

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power of free men and free institutions to force compromises on the leaders of an enslaving society."

Altogether, there is a curiously archaic quality to Mr. Gibney's analysis of Poland. He visited the country in 1957 and his main conclusions could reasonably be drawn of the Poland of two years ago. But Poland has changed and although Mr. Gibney has done his research homework and has kept abreast of the facts of change since he was there, it seems to me he has not kept up with the change in national mood, or with the direction of events.

He does take note of the fact that there has been "partial retrogression from Gomulka's original advance away from the Russian Communist system." But he minimizes what is most important and most depressing: that the "retrogression" is a continuing process. It can be seen in the dismantling of a religious shrine by Communist police near Lublin. It can be seen in the new pressure against private enterprise, which had been allowed in a small way to develop after the Polish October. It can be felt in the information, smuggled out, that another friend has been arrested again—by the secret police, which was *supposed* to have been checked after 1956.

Certainly it is true that the secret police is less oppressive than it was in the pre-1956 days. But this is also true in the Soviet Union itself, where Khruschev has learned to rely on more sophisticated techniques to keep control. This reporter has the feeling that Mr. Gibney both overrates what has happened in Poland and underrates Nikita Khrushchev.

STILL, the author has made two valid and valuable points in his study. He notes that the most lasting achievement of the "Polish October" so far has been the return of the land to the peasantry. Some 85 per cent of Poland's agriculture is now in private hands, and there has not been any forcible effort to create the unpopular collectives again. This is, indeed, a compromise forced on Khrushchev even if it is also one he has had to accept, in lesser degree, in countries like Hungary and East Germany. And it is also true that the role of the Church in Poland has been unique among the satellites—Mr. Gibney's examination of the role of Cardinal Wyszynski is the best that this writer has found—even if the gains the Catholic Church made in 1956 are being gradually eroded away.

Perhaps the author's most unhappy effort is that devoted to Wladislaw Gomulka—admittedly not an easy man to understand in an uneasy situation. Mr. Gibney says flatly that "the two things that most distinguish this man are honesty and patriotism," and he writes of Gomulka's " 'humane socialism,' a wedding of modern Communist practice and machinery with an idea of the rule of law." But then, on other pages, he describes vividly the way Gomulka "connived, cheated, threatened, and bludgeoned" to destroy the rule of law in Poland in the years after the war.

The author is correct when he makes the point that Poland—even now—remains different from the other satellite countries; and it is not just because, as he observes, "Nowhere else do so many Communists kiss so many ladies' hands." He is wrong, it seems to me, when he talks of "Poland's constant, corrosive influence on the thinking of Communists elsewhere." That may have been true in 1956 and 1957: Mr. K. has taken skilful steps to see that it is no longer so.

Symbol of Hope

"Thirteen Days that Shook the Kremlin: Imre Nagy and the Hungarian Revolution," by Tibor Meray; *translated by Howard L. Katvander (Praeger. 290 pp. $5), describes the events of the Hungarian Revolution with special reference to the role of Imre Nagy. Leo Cherne is the executive director of the Research Institute of America. During the height of the Hungarian Revolution, he journeyed to Budapest for the International Rescue Committee, of which he is chairman.*

By Leo Cherne

WHILE the manifest heroes of the Hungarian Revolution were the freedom fighters—the students, workers, and soldiers who fought their valiant and futile battle in the streets and countryside of Hungary—Imre Nagy, upon whom they called (almost unanimously) for leadership, remains a complex symbol of that struggle.

This pedantic agronomist always seemed to be inadequate. The idealistic doctrinaire Communist simply could not comprehend that many of the rebels on the streets were his own followers and his own students from the university who had supported his earlier liberal program; that many were army officers who had sympathized with his long struggle against Rakosi, and who had now gone over to the side of the revolution. And because he did not understand, he was always too late with a new concession; the pace of the revolution kept passing him by.

This was the tragedy of Imre Nagy, who if he is in any sense a hero, is a tragic one. He wanted nothing more than the embrace of the people, but he failed them because he could never understand what it was they wanted in return.

He simply did not seem to realize that after the outbreak of the revolution Mikoyan and Suslov (who were then in Budapest) supported him for the premiership merely to gain time. He believed them when they handed him the Kremlin's declaration confirming the possibility of "many roads to Socialism," which included Russian willingness to negotiate withdrawal of Red Army troops from Hungary. He believed them even after the incontrovertible November 1st reports of massive Russian armor crossing into Hungary. And he kept right on believing them until a few minutes before four o'clock on Sunday morning, November 4, when he was awakened by the news of the historic double cross: the Red Army had attacked Budapest. General Pal Maleter and the other emissaries to Russian General Malinin had "disappeared." And then even later, as he ended twenty-two days of asylum in the Yugoslav embassy, Nagy naïvely relied on the promise of safe conduct from the puppet Kadar.

June 16, 1959, was the first anniversary of Imre Nagy's execution. His murder was decreed by the Russians, timed to convince Tito—and all would-be Titos—that a good Communist is simply not entitled to remain neutral.

And yet, to the Hungarian people who remain in the iron jungle, to the quarter million who fled across the border, perhaps even to the unknown thousands who were deported by cattle cars to Soviet prisons, Imre Nagy is a symbol of hope, of the fact that the Soviets in order to maintain their power must kill. And in this know-

—*Wide World.*

Exhausted Hungarian mother and child shown after trek to Austria and freedom.

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ledge that the Soviets are afraid and must murder to retain control—in this there is hope.

But for the West the fate of Nagy cannot be anything but a symbol of failure—of our own failure. The task which he had set for himself was impossible, not only because the Hungarian freedom fighters demanded more than an accommodation between the people and the party, but also because events outside Hungary were destined to destroy whatever chance either Nagy or the freedom fighters might have had.

No Hungarian could have guessed that when U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge said, "The United Nations cannot remain a passive spectator to the events in Hungary," America was only talking. And few in Budapest read *The New York Times* of that November 3, which printed the report, "The big Western powers appear to have decided to keep the Hungarian question to one side for the moment, until such time as it becomes clear that the anti-Soviet rebellion has either attained its objectives or has been checked."

This is not to say that military intervention by the West would have been wise or even possible. But for those who wept in frustration, the answer, "What would you have us do —start World War III?," still just isn't good enough.

So it is worth while to have this story once again. Particularly in the form presented by Tibor Meray and his excellent translator. He has organized his material with facility. Without straying from the path of depth reporting, he manages to inject the magnetism of a superb whodunit; his book is not easily put down. One remains rooted to the spot as an eavesdropper at the door of history.

Yet one wonders why the author spent so much of his literary skill in seeking to justify a single person when a wider focus would have been equally exciting. The reason can perhaps be found in the fact that Mr. Meray was a winner of his party's Kossuth prize and an associate of Nagy. Perhaps this, too, explains why Mr. Meray's account of the Hungarian Revolution does not refer at all to the terror of the AVH (secret police) as an explanation for the bloody reprisals. Like Imre Nagy himself, Mr. Meray seems curiously myopic to the historical evidence that Marxist-Leninism always seems to lead to dictatorial control by the party; a desperate, junglelike struggle for power among the elite (in which the "idealist" is inevitably devoured); and that the "new class" will always find it difficult to erect a passable bridge to the masses of the people.

HUMOR

Family Fun in Denmark

"Oh Sir, You've Shot Her! Recollections of a Copenhagen Childhood," by Benjamin Jacobsen; *translated by Estrid Bannister (Putnam. 192 pp. $3.50), hilariously recalls a Dane's life with Father—not to say an irascible, horn-tooting Grandmother. Hudson Strode, professor of English at the University of Alabama, is the author of "Denmark Is a Lovely Land" and the forthcoming "Jefferson Davis: Confederate President."*

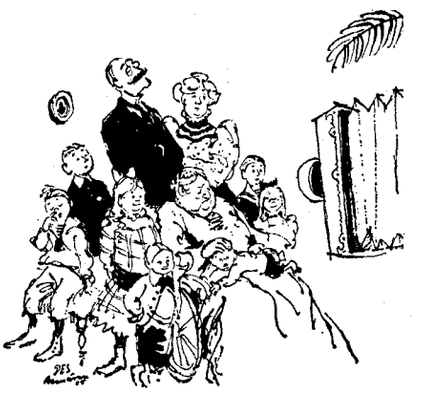
By Hudson Strode

OUT OF Denmark, which has produced such superlative tale-tellers as Hans Christian Andersen and Isak Dinesen, now comes perhaps the most hilarious book since "Life with Father" a generation ago. "Oh Sir, You've Shot Her!" immediately calls to mind Clarence Day's comedy, for it deals with an upper-middle-class household at the end of the nineteenth century. The Danish family consisted of Father, a professor of botany at the University of Copenhagen; the gentle, bewildered Mother; seven children who took more after the Father; two maids, and a redoubtable old Grandmother, who propelled herself rapidly in a wheelchair, tooting a horn to announce her coming.

Though this Father is carried off to the police station for shooting a parson's widow. Jacobsen *père* was a highly respectable member of society; but he is an original, full of notions that usually backfire and cause dismay and convulsive laughter. The double-barrel pistol, loaded with blank cartridges, was used to summon the entire family, baby and all, when the doorbell's ring announced a caller, so as to give the guest an exuberant welcome of four resounding hurrahs. At this welcoming shot, the widow, who came to call, fainted on the mat. Recovering, she fled nimbly down the street, with the apologetic Father chasing her, still brandishing his weapon. As he caught her by the coattail the pistol's other barrel went off, causing the second faint before a street crowd. When the police, who took Father in custody, asked the gleeful, hurrahing Jacobsen boys who *they* were, little Benjamin, the author, solemnly replied, "The murderer's children."

The book's villain is not Father, however, but the malicious old Grandmother, who constantly demands and craftily gets attention, disturbing the family harmony. Contemptuous of her botanist son, she makes a career of cutting him down and stealing his thunder. Once at Benjamin's birthday party when Father, in tails and topper, mounted a chair and performed amateurish legerdemain, like jerking a live codfish out of his coat collar, the jealous old lady temporarily stole the show by suddenly taking out her false teeth and "chattering them right in a little boy's face." The children really gasped at *this* magic. Father, in desperation, then took out his set of beautiful artificial teeth and chattered them rudely in his mother's face; and this was the tableau that astounded Mrs. Jacobsen and the "wife of Chamberlain Muller" when they entered the room.

It is a mad book, ridiculous, captivating, redolent with Danish atmosphere, and entirely credible. It ends with an astounding "enlivening" of Grandmother. When the doctor on examination sadly pronounced that she "would be leaving them soon," in a fury the old harridan declared she was merely bored and only needed "a bit of livening up." So the boys secretly prescribed something to enliven her. They contrived a "sofa-boom," a tin can filled with explosives and set under Grandmother's sofa. The noise surpassed "even the bombardment of Mafeking, which deprived many people of their hearing for years." The remedy succeeded



—From the book-jacket.

Houseful of dizzy and daffy Danes.

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beyond expectations, and had a very different effect from what the little boys and shocked readers expect.

The first and the last chapters are the most violent and the zaniest. In between are twenty-one stories of slightly more mellow, if still unorthodox, humor. Some call to mind Ludwig Bemelmans's peculiar flavor, particularly one about an outlandish cure Father and Benjamin endured at a faddy health resort in Germany. In another, when the sleepwalking proclivities of one boy gradually infects all the children and lead to midnight picnics under the grand piano, the physician routs the epidemic quickly by prescribing a spoonful of castor oil for any sleepwalker caught in the act.

Suggesting encaustics, in which the wax colors are fused with hot irons, these recollections are yet gay and lighthearted, even when devilish and slightly macabre. Possessing some of the freshness of primitives, the work is spiced with sophistication. It is extraordinary that Benjamin Jacobsen, a retired biochemist, makes his literary debut—and becomes a best-seller in his homeland and in England—as he approaches eighty. While Denmark may not "have acquired a Danish Mark Twain," as one enthusiastic Copenhagen reviewer claims, geriatrics can sport a new green laurel wreath, worn rakishly aslant. Here is a comic book to delight the entire family, except, possibly, Grandmother. The satirical illustrations by Des Amussen add to the spirit of whopping good fun.

Harry Golden—Maverick of mass media.

Only in North Carolina

"For 2¢ Plain," by Harry Golden *(World. 313 pp. $4), with the salty wit characteristic of the author again ranges from Delancey Street, N. Y., to Charlotte, N. C., in this sequel to the best-selling "Only in America." Martin Levin is editor of the* Phoenix Nest, SR*'s page of familiar essays.*

By Martin Levin

LIVING as he does away from the cultural headquarters of America, Harry Golden has evidently failed to realize that the personal essay is an obsolete form. What the public supposedly wants nowadays are "fact pieces," articles, and simplified charts on how to measure sibling rivalry—the sort of thing that gladdens the pages of our mass magazines. Shielded by this ignorance, a year ago Mr. Golden put together a collection of crusty casual essays which has since gone into fourteen editions and sold 275,000 hard-cover copies. Their author now opinionates in a syndicated column and on a network radio show; he has been lionized on the lecture circuit in the fashion of Artemus Ward and he has been immortalized on the Jack Paar show. All of this without extra-literary attractions: "Only in America" promised its readers neither the secret of making a part-time million nor a vicarious brush with the Mann Act. What it did offer was an individual point of view on a great many things that touch our lives—and this was enough for readers to greet Mr. Golden's robust anthology with the enthusiasm Doughty must have felt for a water hole in Arabia Deserta. It is a refreshing phenomenon in a decade that has been thirsting for the humor of ideas and finding instead squibs on such yeasty themes as the rigors of commuting or of exchanging a pressure cooker at the local discount store.

Like our native wits from Seba Smith to Finley Peter Dunne, Mr. Golden is a humorist who is also a humanist. He has a quality he attributes to some of his culture heroes: an abundant "sense of life." In "For 2¢ Plain," his second collection of footnotes to the past and present, he again ranges from Delancey Street to Charlotte, N. C., with unpremeditated detours in all directions. On a pilgrimage to the scenes of his youth, he recalls how "talking" pictures first came to the lower East Side in 1919. (Using megaphones, a couple ad libbed Yiddish dialogue to synchronize with the lip movements of such silent stars as Mary Pickford and William S. Hart.) He revisits the birthplace of the American knish, which is a massive turnover descended from the Russian *pirojok*. (Mr. Golden claims that the knish was "invented" on Houston Street, but here he may be letting his nostalgia run away with him.)

He remembers the Delancey Street enclave of two generations ago as a kind of "huge clubhouse, poverty and all," where the crowding and hazard of falling seltzer bottles from tenement window sills was balanced by a bubbling intellectual ferment. After all—"the entire American civilization was waiting" just outside.

Ty Cobb, writes the author, is one of his special idols, "along with Enrico Caruso, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Winston Churchill, Irving Berlin, Al Jolson, and John Barrymore." Mr. Golden also likes Ike, Jimmy Walker, Teddy Roosevelt, Queen Liliuokalani, and Harry Truman. He is unenthusiastic about Dr. Kinsey, and he regards Maria Callas as more indispensable than Rudolf Bing. ("What would have happened to Pinky Higgins of the Boston Red Sox if he had fired Ted Williams . . . ?") A practising liberal, he is not one to let the shibboleths obscure reality. One of his most delightful excursions is a wistful salute to the social utility of Tammany Hall and to the simpler day when a politician could discharge his debts by tossing a chowder bust for his constituents. (Today's jumbo campaign contributors expect more protracted favors, and the voters don't get even a clam fritter.)

MR. GOLDEN is a throwback to a richer era in American journalism—a day when local wits from Down East to the frontier salted newspapers and magazines with pithy comment of the changing scene. It is a bewitching paradox that humor in today's mass media has aimed to please everyone, with the result that it has excited no one; Mr. Golden has written mainly to please himself and discovered 275,000 kindred spirits. His new book "For 2¢ Plain," should turn up a good many more.

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SCULPTORS OF DEMOCRACY

The Mind that Moved Three Nations

"Man of Reason: The Life of Thomas Paine," by Alfred Owen Aldridge *(Lippincott. 348 pp. $6), contrasts, without favor, the conflicting views held about the controversial author of "Common Sense." But the man himself remains illusive in the opinion of Howard Fast, who is the author of "Citizen Tom Paine" and "The Winston Affair," which will be published early in September.*

By Howard Fast

THOMAS PAINE fell into no category; he was singular, a sort of minstrel of democratic revolution who stepped into history at the one moment of history that could receive him fully. He made his role and art, practised it, and then bowed out. His contribution to history was inadequately judged because there was no yardstick against which to measure it.

I think that Mr. Aldridge has come closer to assessing the role and importance of Paine than any other biographer. In dealing with a man who was loved and hated as few other eighteenth-century figures were, the author has maintained a remarkable objectivity; and he has given us a thoughtful and valuable biography. In order to do this, he has gone to enormous effort—in France and England as well as in the United States—to unearth original documents that have not until now appeared in this country. In doing so he has accomplished an admirable task of scholarship. If from the pages of this book no flesh-and-blood figure of a unique and tempestuous human being ever emerges, it is not Professor Aldridge's fault. I doubt whether any biography of Paine could produce the man.

Thomas Paine

For a century and a half the ghost and work of Thomas Paine have given rise to wildly heated attack and defense. Very few of the interested have been dispassionate about him. From Theodore Roosevelt, who is said to have called Paine a "dirty little atheist," to John Lewis who sees him as the author of the Declaration of Independence, there seems to have been a permanent silly season about a man, who, with many others, made the American Revolution and played no small part in the French Revolution.

No biographer of Paine ever denied that his contribution to the American Revolution was important, but neither is he allowed to rest upon his contribution. Professor Aldridge admits the originality of Paine's thinking and documents the enormous social, political, and moral effect of his thinking, not only upon the thirteen colonies but upon France and England as well; but Professor Aldridge, like so many others, is perplexed by the fact that Paine was said to have imbibed too much and bathed too infrequently.

Thus, instead of the inner personality of the man whom both Washington and Jefferson regarded as a close and dear friend, who moved a nation a-borning and fired the imagination of two generations with three unique books, Professor Aldridge presents us with a balance of judgments. He carefully documents the views of those who considered Paine a drunkard; he as carefully documents the views of those who did not. He presents the picture of Paine as a filthy boor; and then he presents the picture of Paine as a washed and decent-mannered gentleman. Paine the egotist is offset by Paine the selfless, Paine the opportunist by Paine the patriot, Paine the liar by Paine the truthful.

The result is certainly the most comprehensive study of Thomas Paine that we have; I could only wish that Professor Aldridge were a little less disturbed by Paine's shabby dress and doubtful antecedents. For the one weakness in this work is the failure to illuminate the very personality of the man who is the subject of the book. Paine was a violent and volatile man; he was not a gentleman; he was self-educated; he undoubtedly drank too much at times; he was full of self-pity and egotism and uncertainty. But he came out of nowhere and blew a fire of revolution into being in America. His "Common Sense" shook the American people like no other book in our history; his "Rights of Man" threw the fear of God into the British aristocracy and made him a national hero in France, and his "Age of Reason" still stirs the bigots and Philistines into fury.

What Professor Aldridge set out to do he has done very well indeed. We are indebted to him for a most detailed account of Paine's actions and travels in America during the Revolution. He presents a fine picture of Paine's invention of an iron bridge and of Paine's interest in science, although it is to be regretted that he impugns Paine's originality. While the French Revolutionary background is sketchily handled, Paine's own history against that background is rich and detailed. His last years are handled with charity and understanding, and perhaps the best part of the book is Professor Aldridge's assessment of Paine's role in history.

Thus we have here a much-needed biography to add to the already existing material on Thomas Paine.

Distaff Democracy

"Century of Struggle: The Woman's Rights Movement in the United States," by Eleanor Flexner *(Harvard University Press. 384 pp. $6), reviews the long feminine fight for full citizenship. Alma Lutz is the author of biographies of such famed women as Emma Willard, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Harriet Stanton Blatch, and, most recently, Susan B. Anthony.*

By Alma Lutz

ELEANOR FLEXNER'S very readable account of the woman's rights movement in the United States should be required supplementary reading in every high school and college course in American history. Amply documented and impartial, it traces women's gradual emergence through their own efforts into the mainstream of American democracy. Beginning with the Colonial period, she carries her story through the adoption of the woman suffrage amendment in 1920, giving a well-balanced picture which includes the special problems of Negro women and women in industry and the labor movement.

Not since the early 1880s, when Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony compiled their monumental "History of Woman Suffrage," which was carried through 1920 by Ida Hus-

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—*From "Century of Struggle."*

"The early woman's rights movement showed little interest in the vote."

ted Harper, has the history of women's struggle for complete citizenship been adequately and fully recorded. Miss Flexner feels that this story deserves telling not only because of its gallantry and devotion, but "because knowing and understanding something of the social forces involved . . . may help us cope with the problems we—both men and women—confront today." She points out that historians with rare exceptions, notably Arthur M. Schlesinger, Sr., have paid little attention to women's changing role and that volume after volume in the fields of history, sociology, and economics has either omitted or referred only briefly to women's share in the process of democratic growth.

With understanding and sympathy, she records women's early efforts for higher education and their intellectual progress, their interest in reform movements, such as antislavery, temperance, and social service, their valuable contribution in wartime, their gradual emergence into the professions, and their long, persistent, discouraging struggle for the vote. She marks the impact of westward expansion and industrial development upon women's widening role. Not only does she briefly portray outstanding women of each period, but calls attention to women now forgotten.

In Miss Flexner's opinion, the early woman's rights movement showed little interest in the vote. In view of the fact that every woman's rights convention following that at Seneca Falls adopted resolutions demanding the franchise, this statement is open to question, as is her reference throughout to the Federal woman suffrage amendment as the Susan B. Anthony Amendment. It was not generally so labeled until the days of the Congressional Union. During Miss Anthony's lifetime, when it was occasionally linked with her name, she protested vehemently that it should be named for Mrs. Stanton, who made the first public demand for woman suffrage in 1848.

Miss Flexner's estimates of the later suffrage leaders is generally fair, but there will be differences of opinion regarding some of her valuations and conclusions. Her preference is clearly for Mrs. Catt's type of campaign, and she rates her with Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Yet she recognizes the importance of Harriet Stanton Blatch and Alice Paul in rousing the movement out of its lethargy. She believes that too much attention has been paid to the militancy of Alice Paul's Congressional Union and Woman's Party while their effective work in focussing attention on a Federal amendment has been overlooked. They took up this issue, she says, when it was dead and brought it very much to life, "a service for which even Mrs. Catt gave them credit."

In her interesting conclusion, Miss Flexner comments on the Equal Rights Amendment, first sponsored by the Woman's Party, but in evaluating it her emphasis is on its effect on protective legislation rather than on its importance in clarifying the legal status of women, establishing them as "persons" under the Constitution, and thereby extending to them "equal protection of laws."

By Richard Armour

New Technique

A pen company reports that studies have shown a new way to cut writing time in half. The company theorizes that a person can work faster if he sees his goal—the top of the page. According to the pen company's research, the fastest way is to start from the bottom of the paper and work up.—*News item.*

IN NEED of time, I thought that I
Should give this new technique a try,
And so, with all my heart and soul,
I started at the bottom, which
And with my eyes upon my goal,
Is where men started who are rich
I but deplore
And famous now. I
The precious months and years of time
Not having thought of this before,
To think I might have cut in half
And laugh a bitter little laugh
Imagine what they would have done
Who built the ancient pyramid.
Start at the bottom? So men did
Used up in writing prose and rhyme.
Till here I am, at last, on top!
With dizzy speed, with haste, chop-chop,
Line over line, word over word,
As swift as any soaring bird,
And therefore up and up I go,
Where writers do. Well, now I know,
(How slowly, too) had they begun

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Remembrance of Time Lost

***"Proust: The Early Years," by George D. Painter** (Little, Brown. 435 pp. $6.50), draws judiciously from a vast lode of largely neglected primary sources for this first volume of what may well be the definitive biography of the French novelist. Justin O'Brien, chairman of Columbia University's French Department, edited the forthcoming André Gide book, "Pretexts."*

By Justin O'Brien

AT LAST we have a detailed and thoroughly reliable biography of Marcel Proust. Written in English by a curator at the British Museum who has previously produced a stimulating and somewhat less thorough study of André Gide and translations from Proust and Gide, it tells far more than any work hitherto available in either English or French. This is due to the fact that Mr. Painter has wisely used none but primary sources, nine-tenths of which he claims were neglected by previous biographers.

To be sure, André Maurois, when he wrote his biography, had access to most of those documents (Proust's voluminous correspondence, the memoirs of such friends as Jeanne Pouquet, the two Daudets, Elisabeth de Clermont-Tonnerre, Georges de Lauris, Marie Nordlinger, and recollections by others of the famous salons frequented by Proust), but he did not use them quite so conscientiously. Furthermore, Proust's early attempts at fictional autobiography ("Jean Santeuil" and "Contre Sainte-Beuve") and many of his most revealing letters (those to his mother, to Reynaldo Hahn, and to Jacques Rivière) had not yet been published. Although Mr. Painter is holding his bibliography for the second volume of this long work, it is already clear that he had more published material at his disposal and had less often to turn to the manuscripts that Maurois revealed to the world—with tantalizing footnote references to material which the rest of us feared we might never see. Mr. Painter, on the other hand, tantalizes in another way by omitting almost all references to sources and providing a guessing-game.

Whatever horror Proust himself may have felt for the method of the critic who invariably studied a work of art in the light of the creator's biography, Mr. Painter is right in stating that "no aspect of Proust or his work . . . can be studied without an accurate and detailed knowledge of his life." Proust's novel is, after all, an artistic transposition of the facts of his autobiography. Hence, to appreciate the way in which he started from reality and transcended it, we must know his childhood at Illiers (the original of Combray) and in the Champs-Elysées, his adolescence in Paris and at fashionable resorts, and his progress into the exclusive society of the Faubourg. We should find out all we can about the girls and young women to whom he paid elaborate court, the young men on whom he had crushes, the writers and artists he encountered, the readings that influenced him and even the political and social movements in which he took a stand.

In this sense "the four long digressions" for which Mr. Painter apologizes (on the topography of Illiers, on Proust's contacts in society, on the Dreyfus Affair, and on Proust's study of Ruskin) are not digressions at all. Even the two maps of Illiers and its environs drawn for this volume have value for close readers of Proust; a similar map of Proust's Paris, for instance, would have kept the author from locating Robert de Montesquiou's Rue Franklin in Neuilly.

In other words, it is important for us to know that Proust borrowed his uncle's garden across the river for Swann's estate at Tansonville, which never existed at Tansonville or anywhere else, that when creating Gilberte or Odette or Mme. de Guermantes he remembered a gesture, a smile, a certain kind of nose, a cutting remark, or a costume which belonged in real life to Marie de Benardaky or Mme. Straus, or Mme. de Chevigné, or Laure Hayman. As Proust himself said in his great novel, "A book is like a vast cemetery on most of whose tombs one can no longer read the names. Sometimes, on the other hand, one remembers the name well but without knowing whether or not anything of the person who bore it survives in these pages."

Without falling into the too common error of trying to find a single key for each of Proust's characters, Mr. Painter helps us more than any other commentator to decipher those half-effaced names, for he knows that Proust always created a single character from a multiplicity of originals and, conversely, distributed each real person he had known over a number of characters by giving his monocle to one, his wit to another, and his temperament to a third. Mr. Painter might, indeed, have quoted Proust's comparison of a book to a cemetery as a heading for his scrupulous and invaluable indexes—one of real persons and places and the other of fictitious persons and places—with their daring cross-references.

This first volume takes Proust through the end of 1903, when he was thirty-two and his father had just died, leaving him alone with his adoring and indulgent mother. Most of his wasted time lies in the past, and he is just beginning to awaken to the fact that it is "time lost." The second volume (for which it will be hard to wait two years) will doubtless show how he withdrew from society and recaptured time in his masterpiece.

Man of His Moment

***"Stendhal: Notes on a Novelist," by Robert M. Adams** (Noonday. 228 pp. $4. Paperback, $1.45), pictures an outré character whose vitality churned with ambiguities. Critic Leo Lerman finds the book "stunningly revelatory."*

By Leo Lerman

"HE WAS," says Stendhal's most recent American commentator, "a soldier, an administrator, a clerk in a wholesale grocery, a dilettante, a student of acting, a traveling salesman in the leather-goods line, a consul, a tutor, a lady's man, and a talker in salons." In his posthumously published "La Vie de Henry Brulard," he asked himself, "What have I been? What am I? . . . I should find it very difficult to say." He never thought of himself as a professional man of letters. But his collected works total some seventy-nine volumes; two of them, "Le Rouge et le Noir" and "La Chartreuse de Parme" (he was forty-seven when he wrote the former, fifty-five when he improvised the latter in six torrential weeks), are surely among the world's great novels.

Sometimes he was a marvelous reporter, with a shrewd eye that witnessed and noted in detail Napoleon's furies (he was with Napoleon

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in Italy in 1800, with him in Moscow in 1812), Byron's tempers, Rossini ploughing through a rehearsal, Chateaubriand addressing the French Academy, high and low life in Milan and Venice. Of the Florentines he wrote, "The power of hate has left them, and with it their vitality." He was a supreme energist, a veritable Beyliste, ever worshipping "magnificent, all-conquering energy in the pursuit of happiness [whether the conquests were of love or of power]."

He was very much a man of his melodramatic moment with a nostalgia for the future. The year 1935, he figured, would be about when his books would find understanding readers. "My desire," he wrote, "is to be read by a very few people, thirty or forty perhaps. . . ." He was professionally an ambiguist. Mystification —that he adored. He changed residences constantly, wrote in codes and ciphers he himself invented, and was a great one for pseudonyms—for a gaudy ragbag of reasons; he loved a joke, he felt genuinely persecuted, he was a passionately private man ever hot in pursuit of illicit love. At various times he became Mr. Myself, Tempête, Dubois du Bé, D. Gruffo Papera, Harry, George Simple, Condotti 48, Timoléon Gaillard, Timoléon Brenet, Timoléon Tisset, Timoléon Du Bois, Old Hummums, William Crocodile, Polybe Love-Puff, Ths. Jefferson, Tombouctou, Poverino, Smith & Co. He was Comte this and Comte that, Mons. that and Mons. this. . . . He became the Baron de Stendhal, Stendhal forever. His life was a fifty-nine-years-long love affair with many women, with himself, with one country, Italy. Upon his tomb, in the Montmartre cemetery, where most assuredly he would have loathed being buried, is chiseled words he himself prepared: "*Arrigo Beyle, Milanese* [he had been born Marie Henri Beyle in Grenoble] *Scrisse, Amó, Visse.*" "Men nearly always lie when they talk of their true motives," he said.

"It seems to me," writes Robert M. Adams in "Stendhal: Notes on a Novelist," "that a modern approach to this author must start, almost of necessity, with a frank facing of the question: Is Stendhal one of those writers who have slid into a major literary reputation through a series of fascinating but basically non-literary considerations? Is he, in fact, a great novelist or a great . . . character?"

Slashing through a "literature on and about Stendhal [which] has grown by now to the point where it is only less bulky than that on Shakespeare . . .," Mr. Adams synthesizes the Baron Stendhal as "something of a housebuilder, but more of a hussar; one who ranged widely, slept rough, and watched late to bring back from the frontiers of feeling a *petit fait vrai.* His discoveries are sometimes disturbing, and disturbers of the public repose are not often thanked; but for those who have grown used to his wayward, irregular orbits, there is no equivalent to this complex and subtle spirit. He filled the opera house of his own personality with such melody that we shall never be done discussing him."

Mr. Adams has not only a happy way with his mother tongue, but he has grown so accustomed to that complex, that flux which was Marie Henri Beyle and is Baron Stendhal that when he is in the throes of his passion his language soars, becomes lyrical, is suddenly and stunningly revelatory. Here, in this brief book is a well-balanced but passionately felt love letter. If Stendhal emerges more than life-sized from these pages, Stendhal and even Beyle were outsize, living during the last romantic era. Definitively, with superb scholarship, Mr. Adams shows Beyle and his alter-ego, Stendhal, to be inextricable. The novelist remains a monument to his times.

Literary Worlds

"The Art of French Fiction," by Martin Turnell *(New Directions. 394 pp. $6), concerns itself principally with Zola, Gide, and Mauriac and with "the elucidation of a series of individual experiences." Germaine Brée, who teaches French literature at New York University, is author of the recently published study "Camus."*

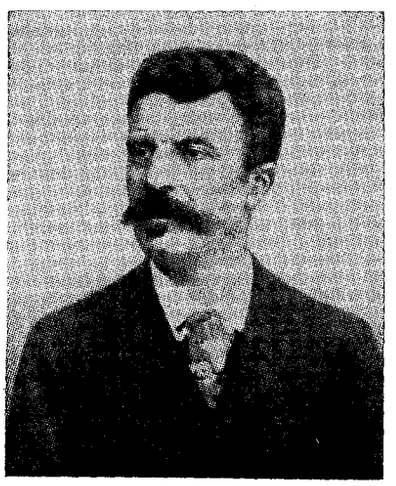
By Germaine Brée

IN OUR epoch of systematic criticism and erudite footnoting, the urbane scholarly essay with a personal approach, a leisurely pace, and no particular theory to propound is likely to become a thing of the past. The British, and particularly Martin Turnell, still practise this art with effortless grace and without superficiality.

True, as critic, Mr. Turnell has his points of view—a quite recognizable psychological bias of his own, for example, his approach to literature—but they are quite discreet, unaggressive, and individual. They derive from the personal enjoyment with which he explores the literary worlds he analyzes, a pleasure that he transmits to his readers. The "portraits" which introduce each one of the novelists he

Timeless Faces of France's Fiction

Marcel Proust



Guy de Maupassant

—From "The Art of French Fiction."

Baron de Stendhal

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studies are vividly alive, entertaining, reflecting the author's own strong interest in the writer's personality.

Mr. Turnell has a method of approach somehow reminiscent of Sainte-Beuve and Taine: a portrait of the writer, his background, and personality; an analysis of the structure of the novelist's fictional world in its relation to the novelist's own experience; a study of style, which generally leads the critic to detect a principle of unity lying at the heart of the author's vision. Yet in the initial chapter of "The Art of French Fiction"—"Form, Vision and Language"—Mr. Turnell writes: "What I want to suggest finally is that all changes in artistic vision, which produce modifications in the manner in which the artist presents his vision, are the outcome of a collective impulse that works largely unconsciously." One could point here perhaps to the chicken-and-egg dilemma, but more still to a certain ambiguity in Mr. Turnell's own approach to the "art," the esthetics, of the problems of the novel. Be that as it may, not the least among the qualities of Mr. Turnell as critic is in the conversation he carries on from book to book, with himself primarily, but also with his readers.

In "The Art of French Fiction," for example, he goes back to the turbulent and picturesque Abbé Prévost, whom he feels he has slighted in his previous books; he scrupulously weighs the value of a former appraisal of Maupassant and adds two short chapters on Stendhal and Proust, footnotes, one might say, to "The Novel in France," gently apologetic (quite characteristically) for his preference of Stendhal over Proust.

"The Art of French Fiction" is thus a sequel to "The Novel in France" but only in the sense that it deals with French novels in the same spirit as the first book. Mr. Turnell makes it quite clear that he is not writing a "history" of the French novel but is "concerned with the elucidation of a series of individual experiences." The bulk of the book deals mainly with three novelists: Zola, Gide, and Mauriac. It is not surprising that the last yields little that is new. The world of Mauriac is not inexhaustible. Moreover, the conclusion of this section contains a highly debatable, and quite unsubstantiated statement concerning the influence of Pascal; the need to say something new may have pushed Mr. Turnell a little beyond what could safely be stated with regard to the relations between Mauriac and Pascal, Pascal being, in contrast with Mauriac, a man of unusual intellectual stature.

But in the last analysis such highly individual views, controversial though they may be, give this book an added value. "The Art of French Fiction" is rich in illuminating insights, and analyses, and besides some very pleasant hours of reading brings a wealth of new information and suggestive interpretation.

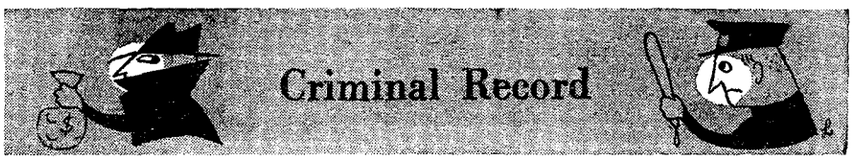
FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 843

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 843 will be found in the next issue.

PATNCNBX ND ENFL
MGXHLK: NC BTLRD
XB EPZ TGC NCD
PSSLCNCL.

—M. Z. DMPZ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 842
The boy gathers materials for a temple, and then when he is thirty concludes to build a woodshed.
—Henry Thoreau.



THE PACK OF LIES. *By Gordon Ashe. Crime Club.* $2.95. Pat Dawlish, British intelligence alumnus, returns to London from African holiday to find self on spot in girl's murder; Inspector Penfold is just an old meanie. Obvious payoff is preceded by exciting chases.

A RED ROSE FOR MARIA. *By Donald Downes. Rinehart.* $2.95. Middle-aged Italian schoolmarm finds self member of Yank G-2 team operating in Salerno-Cassino area; personality problems confront chief of mission. Knowledgeable and sound performance.

OPERATION PIRACY. *By Paul Somers. Harper.* $2.95. Hugh Curtis, London reporter, covers stick-up of tycoon's yacht off Cornish coast and killing of latter's male secretary; Mollie Bourne of competing sheet a persisting problem, but the gal has ideas. Nicely organized, with good humor.

THE 87th PRECINCT. *By Ed McBain. Simon & Schuster.* $3.95. U.S. metropolitan center, name of Riverview, is locus of this triple package of police yarns which here graduate, against the tide, from paperbacks to hard covers. It's good, for a change, to see regular cops in action.

MURDER IS MY SHADOW. *By Chandler Nash. Macmillan.* $3.50. Texas schoolmarm on Mexican holiday tizzied when lamming youth is slain in her bedroom; flight to border is peril-fraught. Lively, with good color.

A SOUR APPLE TREE. *By John Blackburn. Mill-Morrow.* $3.50. Terror grips England as killings mount in Foreign Office's search for wartime traitor. Hop-skip-jump job; but action good.

MISTAKE ME NOT. *By Nat Easton. Roy.* $2.75. London private-eye partnership of Banning and Jenkinson takes on two cases at once, one involving vanished Verzelini goblet (priceless artifact, as you can imagine); there are dead. Brash and breezy.

THE SHORT CASES OF INSPECTOR MAIGRET. *By Georges Simenon. Crime Club.* $2.95. Five yarns (serialized 1949-57) reciting exploits of French homicide ace (three Paris, one Touraine, one Normandy); all accent straight detection, with much good Q&A; fine translations are by Lawrence G. Blochman and Anthony Boucher. Very easy to take.

SHADOW OF GUILT. *By Patrick Quentin. Random House.* $2.95. Plausible rogue is found shot in New York apartment; Park Avenue set caught in O-what-a-tangled-web; clock-tight alibis dominate. Usual superior handling, but payoff is not unfathomable.

BEST DETECTIVE STORIES OF THE YEAR. *Edited by David C. Cook. Dutton.* $2.95. Ten Tales (all save one under 10,000 words) with varied handlings and locales (one NYC, one Chicago, one suburban London, rest general U.S.) make up this fourteenth annual in series which has consistently maintained a high level.

SLACK TIDE. *By George Harmon Coxe. Knopf.* $2.95. Connecticut River boatyard proprietor is viewed askance by local and state cops when playboy's body is hauled ashore; second death no help; plinking practiced; love finds a way; yarn ran in *American Magazine* (remember?). Adroit, realistic, with some holding-out.
—Sergeant Cuff.

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Liberal Arts

(*Continued from page 13*)

the University of Chicago in 1931 to advance the liberal arts in the first two college years. The University succeeded in focusing the spotlight away from form and fetishes and upon the essentials of what a curriculum should seek to do. Ideas that had been floating around the academic firmament for years were studied, and their sound liberal-arts values applied. Decisions were made. Very few are being made now.

Now, the third need is money. The taxing systems of states and local communities are wholly inadequate to meet the challenge we are facing. President Eisenhower said that one or two years of junior college after high school might be desirable. He thought local communities should take responsibility to provide these years. The Federal Government, he thought, should stay as far away from education as possible.

I see little hope that two additional years of junior college, conducted by present standards in America, will enable us to equal Russia in inculcating the basic skills.

My proposed Commission ought to tell the President why he is wrong—or right—about keeping the Federal Government aloof from education. The reasons should be made plain to him and to the country. I happen to believe that greatly increased Federal support for education is necessary and inevitable—and that it can be constructively administered without clamping on Federal control. I do not share the widespread fears of our press, many politicians, and even many of our teachers that their own Government is a creeping, crawling, or galloping monster that will do us in.

THE Rockefeller Brothers' report on education, published last year, reveals how education centrally affects the American economy and way of life. This report dramatizes how the costs of our urgent educational needs cannot be financed by the general property tax or other revenues available to our states and municipalities.

Looking to Congress, it seems to me that the next great step is the creation of Federal scholarships. In April of 1956, speaking to the National Association of Higher Education at its annual banquet I was the first to propose the awarding each year of 100,000 four-year Federal scholarships—designed for those bright and talented youngsters who don't go to college because they can't afford it. And I hasten to add that there should be no stress in any such scholarship program, which minimizes the liberal arts. Each scholarship should be accompanied by a substantial cost-of-education bonus to the institution of the scholar's choice. Our colleges and universities must expand, and this is one legitimate way for the Federal Government to help them get students of high quality and to help finance themselves to care for them.

The current controversy between loans seems to me beside the point. Both are needed, though one of my friends points out that the National Defense Education Act sets the stage for a boy-meets-girl romance in the spring of their senior year. They can marry, joining their total of $10,000 in debt, with payments to begin right after commencement.

THE thesis that a college education adds $250,000 in life-time earnings is a mirage. It isn't true, and the promise doesn't make the student want to borrow. The needy and gifted young people with the determination and energy to get into and through college would be likely to get the better jobs and to go ahead in them, whether or not they spend four years near cloisters and ivy.

Like the students who are loath to run into debt, many educators don't like loans. They know that some present loan funds go begging. Harvard and MIT are finding that a combination of scholarship aid, job earnings, and loans is necessary for many promising students.

I urge stepping up the pace of our search for new devices to accelerate the reform and development of our education system. One weakness of our colleges, along with the balance of our educational system, is the absence of informed, systematic, outside criticism.

Who is helping the college bridge the tremendous gap between what it does and what it says it does? Who is helping with criticism so that it has a better chance to do what it wants to do?

In our new technological world, may not the potential for improving teaching in the liberal-arts college be even more stirring than it is in the secondary schools? The instruments now available for transmitting color, sound and motion are scarcely being exercised. Dr. James R. Killian, Jr., president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and until recently the White House science adviser, warned us: "We in the academic world must get rid of some of our high-hat attitudes about movies and TV as teaching aids." They can bring to our colleges the contents of the Louvre, the British Museum, the National Gallery, the Library of Congress. They can expand your institutional resources to include those of Brookhaven, Woods Hole, Mt. Palomar, and the Institute for Advanced Study.

Every college should be able to switch on at will performances of Shakespeare, Sophocles, and the entire operatic repertoire.

A most urgent national need is to bring our educational system as a whole into the twentieth-century mainstream of the liberal-arts tradition down through the ages. For the long pull, this is our only true national defense.

The most resourceful planning in the Pentagon cannot possibly forecast the kind of defense this country will require when today's kindergartners come of age. Walter Millis's fine study of military history cites the French Marshal Leboeuf. That worthy was "ready to the last gaiter-button" in 1870. He remains the melancholy monument to perfect preparedness. It was the great German general staff that by 1914 had created a military machine capable of meeting every eventuality, which brought down upon their country the total disaster they failed to foresee.

WE must continue to prepare men and women to discharge exacting specialized requirements. But first they must learn to understand the nature of their civilization. This, we hope, will teach them to think about democracy and how to improve it and how best to defend it from its enemies. The liberal arts today should hold up to the whole nation the image of greatness.

We have no illusions that we shall produce a new Pericles, a Ben Franklin or an Einstein by curriculum design.

But by seeing to it that America's educational needs are understood and met, we may confidently hope that our children will be equal to tests which none of us today are likely to imagine.

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Perry

Continued from page 15

Haggard, and Harrison Smith, and in Guilford with such neighbors as Milton MacKaye and his wife, Dorothy Cameron Disney (with whom George wrote a mystery, "Thirty Days Hath September," laid in the Perry's Connecticut home).

He found adventure in less than genteel poverty when, with his earnings buttressed by a slight income that was neutralized by his debts, he worked in Texas as an oil-field roustabout seven days a week for three dollars a day. At this time he, Claire, and Granny Van lived on a budget of fifty cents a day, relied on berry picking and George's fishing and hunting to augment their diet of weenies, beans, and squash, and looked longingly at the slightly tainted meat their English setter ate.

George found adventure, too, in the mere release of writing. When his luck turned and he was contributing regularly to the *Post* and other national magazines, and also earning good money from his books, he and Claire could never quite believe that anything so much fun to do as putting words on paper could bring in fat checks.

A bad arm, acquired when he was thrown by an unruly horse, kept George from the active duty that he sought and very much wanted. Yet he found adventure in the war, first as a public-relations man with the Air Force in Texas, and later as a correspondent on the Sicilian expedition when I met him. He encountered more adventures on his return home, rediscovering Texas, tasting prosperity, raising his own cattle, enjoying summers on his own place in Connecticut, and traveling up and down the country to write "Cities of America."

One wants a life which has given the happiness that George's gave to have a happy ending. But George's did not. The adventure, so lusty and vigorous, turned into misadventure, torturing and distressing; the light, into eclipse and darkness.

Even during our Navy friendship I knew that George was not as uncomplicated or serene as he seemed. Beneath his soft drawl burned fires of impatience which showed through in talks during the lolling days and confined nights. Beneath his vast amiability blazed furnaces of productive discontent. Dullards can be brave; the nerveless, too. George was braver than that. He was truly brave. He was a mountain of nerves, deceptive in his outer calm. As an individualist, he was mutinous when entrapped by military disciplines. As a man of imagination, and uncommon imagination at that, he was apprehensive of danger because he knew its possible toll. He hated war though he was stirred by it, and would have hated being out of it more than he disliked being in it. War engulfed him inevitably, because he was a participant by nature. As late as the Korean War he tried desperately to serve once more as a Navy correspondent and felt guilty because he could not do so.

He had no reason to know guilt. By this time black misfortunes had overtaken him. He was so crippled by arthritis that he could hardly move. His gallantry in fighting its horrors and pains was modestly revealed in a piece for the *Post* in 1954 called "My Fight against Arthritis." More than a fight, it was a battle royal.

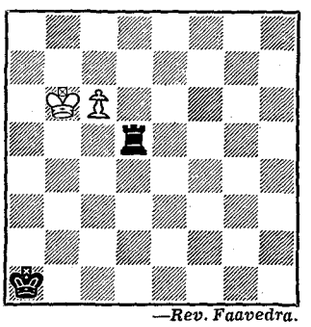
Before his illness and even after it, especially in moments of depression, George's drinking, as he recognized, had got out of control. At times he overcame it by supreme willpower. Even so, he had grown puffy and soft before he became bent and chopstick-thin. His great gaiety gave way to an equally great despair. Moreover, mentally and bodily, he became as ill as once he had been aboundingly well. Before and after his visits to psychiatrists and mental hospitals, he heard unearthly and frightening "voices" and was obsessed by their reality. He wrote a short heartbreaking memorandum about these which he called "How I Won My Fight with Arthritis at the Cost of Losing My Mind." He was taken off the tranquilizers of which he had been taking too many. His nervousness increased. For some time he had suffered from a sense of guilt, the sources of which no expert could locate. His "voices" told him that the only way he could atone for his imagined guilt was by "walking under water to the North Pole."

On December 13, 1956, the author of these two novels, which spill over with happiness and vigor, disappeared. On February 13, 1957, after a long search by police with bloodhounds, neighbors, helicopters, and small planes, George, once a strong swimmer, was found, not in the pond on his own place at Guilford where many had looked, but on the Madison side of Connecticut's little East River in a channel only six to eight feet deep into which he had waded.

One of the virtues of good books is that they outlive their authors. Blessedly, it is George with all his vitality, humor, and passion for life who lives in "Walls Rise Up" and "Hold Autumn in Your Hand."

Chess Corner—21

Underpromotion, that is promoting a Pawn to less than a Queen when it reaches the eighth rank, is something that baffles the novice. Why not a Queen is the query. Surely, if a Knight or Bishop or Rook will do, a Queen will do so much better. Yet this superficial reasoning is easily exposed. There are times when too much affluence is a handicap, at least in the game of chess. Here is a singular case in point.



—*Rev. Faavedra.*

WHITE TO MOVE AND WIN

1 P-B7 .....

On any other move, the Rook attacks and captures the Pawn. If White Queens, he should win.

1 .... R-Q3ch

The only move.

2 K-N5 .....

If 2 K-N7, R-Q2 pins and wins the Pawn. If 2 K-B5, R-Q8, followed by ....R-B8ch.

2 .... R-Q4ch

3 K-N4 .....

Again, 3 K-N6 makes no progress. Nor is King to the Bishop file good, as Black plays ....R-Q8, followed, after the promotion, by ....R-B8ch.

3 .... R-Q5ch

4 K-N3 R-Q6ch

5 K-B2 .....

Now, it seems, White must Queen.

5 .... R-Q5!

Tricky. If 6 P-B8 (Q), R-B5ch 7 QxR, stalemate!

6 P-B8 (R) .....

Trickier. He threatens 7 R-R8 mate.

6 .... R-QR5

The only move.

7 K-N3 Resigns

White threatens 8 KxR and also mate.

—Al Horowitz.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens. 2. "Anthony Adverse," by Hervey Allen. 3. Sinuhe, in "The Egyptian," by Mika Waltari. 4. Oedipus, in Greek Mythology. 5. Pantagruel, in "Gargantua and Pantagruel," by François Rabelais. 6. Tommy Luck, in "The Luck of Roaring Camp," by Bret Harte. 7. Judith Herries, in "Judith Paris," by Hugh Walpole. 8. Joe Christmas, in "Light in August," by William Faulkner. 9. The Fool, in "The Good Earth," by Pearl Buck. 10. Elizabeth-Jane Henchard, in "The Mayor of Casterbridge," by Thomas Hardy.

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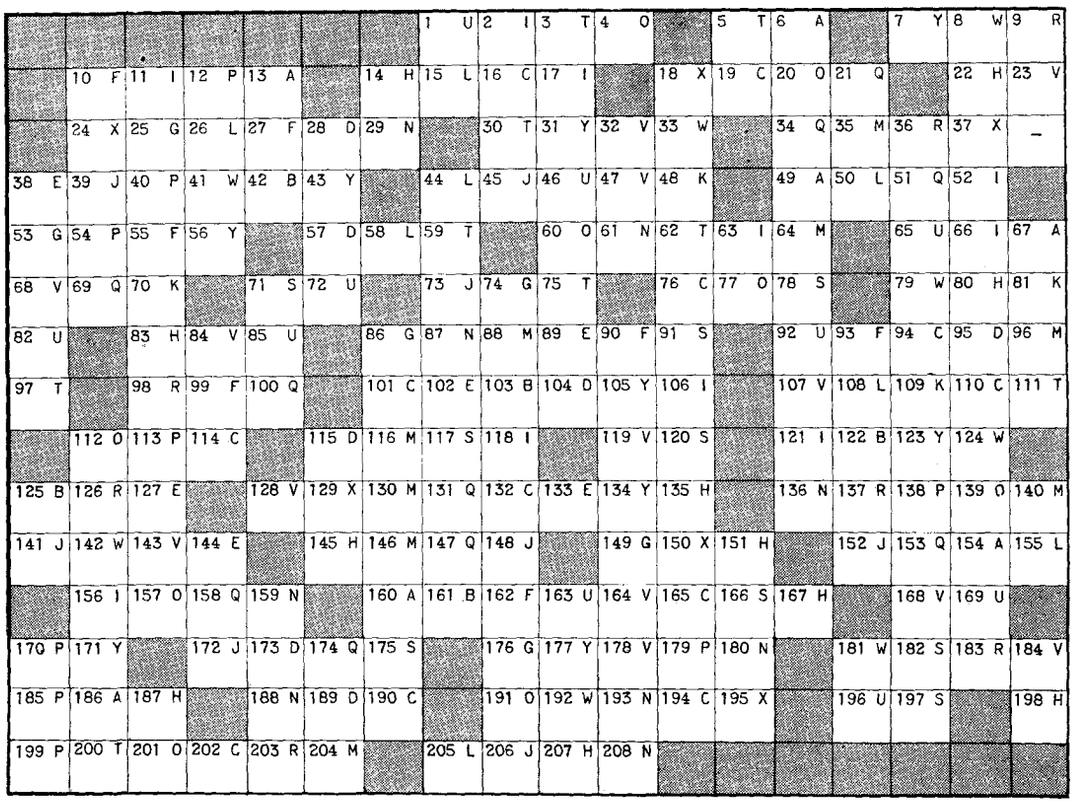
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Odd; not one of a pair.	154 67 49 160 6 186 13
B. Deviated from a vertical position.	161 42 122 103 125
C. Specifying the "great open spaces" which may be the next ones to lure our youth.	132 194 114 190 19 76 101 165 94 110 16 202
D. Castle where 15th-cent. Swiss patriot Bonivard was a famous "prisoner."	57 187 115 28 95 173 104
E. Feminine name meaning generous, given name of author of "The Ponder Heart" etc.	127 89 144 133 38 102
F. First printed Bible, usually called the "Gutenberg," named for the French Cardinal in whose great library it was discovered.	10 93 55 162 90 27 99
G. Spinning around.	176 25 74 149 86 53
H. Athenian general against Sparta, by whom he was killed 389 B.C.	187 80 207 14 167 83 145 22 151 198 135
I. Specifying connection bet. cartilage of the larynx and small bone at base of the tongue.	63 2 156 52 118 121 17 66 11 106
J. Approve of, esp. as a tenet (2 wds.).	172 206 45 148 141 39 73 152
K. Expression of approval, as "well done!" "bravo!", etc.	81 109 70 48
L. Battle cry of Amer. Indians (2 wds.).	205 58 155 15 26 50 108 44

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Established indoors or at an occupation (2 wds.).	64 96 88 140 35 130 204 146 116
N. One of the things the cannon did to the noble Six Hundred.	188 61 193 180 136 87 159 29 208
O. Describing Jim's fellow marchers, in the old song (3 wds.).	157 77 4 20 139 191 60 201 112
P. Describing the trait for which Brutus said he killed Caesar.	54 40 170 138 199 179 185 113 12
Q. India's gift to modern men for evening wear.	131 51 21 174 153 147 34 158 69 100
R. Arrogance.	126 98 9 183 203 36 137
S. Heighten the degree, strength, force, or energy.	182 78 117 175 91 166 71 197 120
T. Of recent times (comp.).	111 62 200 59 75 97 5 3 30
U. Thoroughly disabled in health, finances, social standing (comp.).	65 169 1 72 46 82 163 196 85 92
V. Self-induced condition resembling sleep but differing in certain important ways.	178 32 47 84 184 107 128 164 143 168 68 23 119
W. Anything very bitter or grievous.	181 8 33 41 79 192 142 124
X. Second son of Queen Victoria, father of Queens Marie of Roumania and Beatrice of Spain.	24 150 18 129 37 195
Y. Having bright, keen, youthful vision (comp.).	7 31 134 123 177 171 56 105 43

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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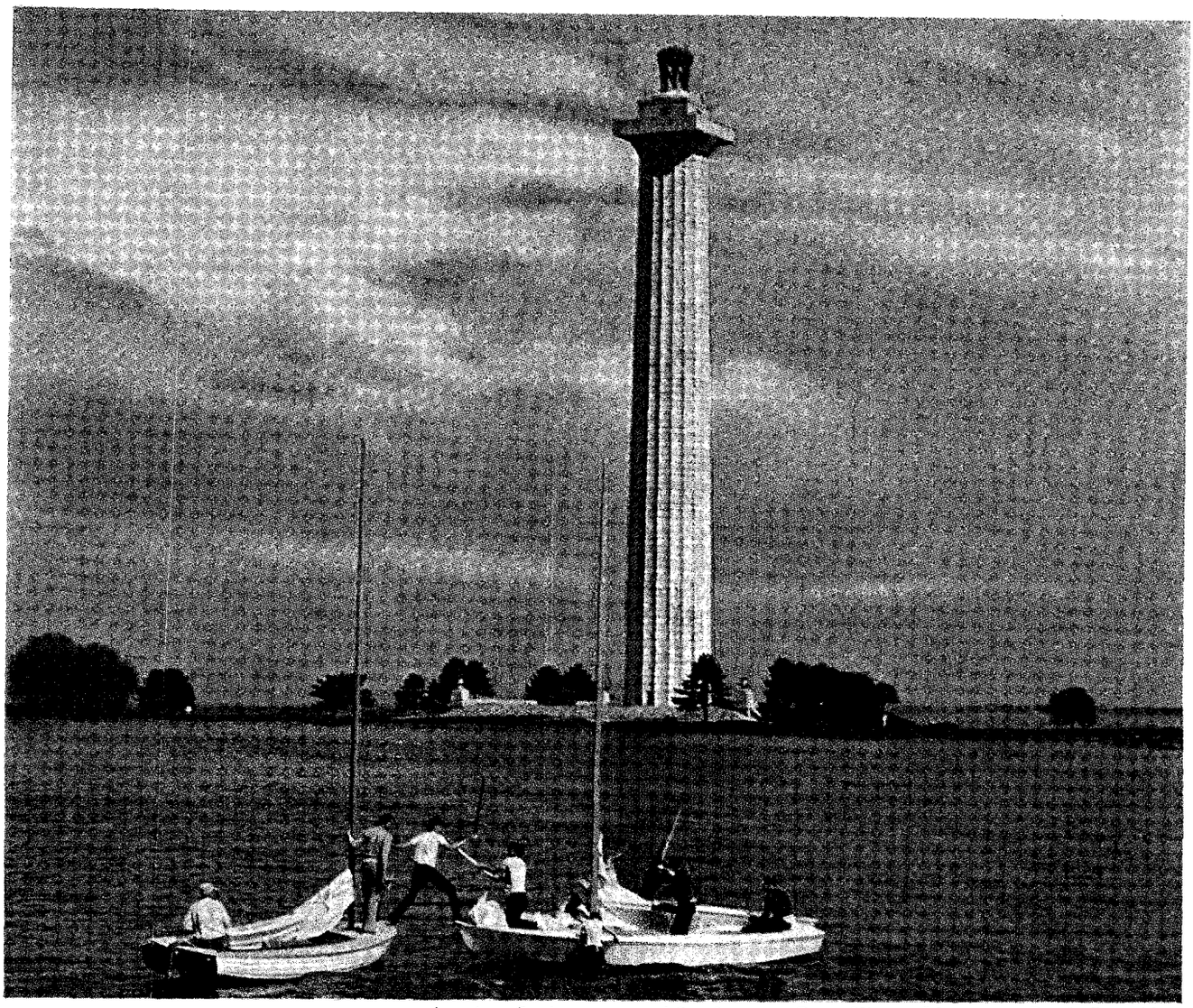

American Legion sponsored Sea Scouts at Perry Victory Monument, Put-In-Bay, Ohio

Lake Erie-where history was written on an old envelope...

On September 10, 1813, fiery, hard-driving Oliver Perry sailed out of Put-In-Bay on Lake Erie and into the pages of history.

In a bloody three-hour engagement with the British fleet the 28-year-old Commodore won a victory that set a young nation on fire and quenched forever an old nation's dream of conquest in the New World.

And then this man who hated to write, took an old envelope and wrote the words that have a hallowed place in the story of America: *We have met the enemy and they are ours.*

When you vacation in the historic Ohio countryside, with its Indian mounds and natural caves, it'll do your legs good to climb the 352 foot monument built to honor Perry. And it'll do your heart good to read the inscription dedicating it – not to war, or victory, or conquest – but to international peace.

From it, you can see part of a 3,800 mile border that has been at peace since Perry's time. Perhaps this is Perry's true glory – *a shining example to the world that through friendship and understanding, peace between nations can be more than a dream.*

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FREE TOUR INFORMATION If you would like to visit Perry's Victory and International Peace Memorial, or drive anywhere in the U.S.A., let us help plan your trip. Write: Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Building, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.– *also ask for our colorful National Parks map.*

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